CHILDREN'S BOOK
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ALFRED DUDLEY;

OR,

The Australian Settlers.

ALFRED DUDLEY;

OR,

THE AUSTRALIAN SETTLERS.

Affections warm were his, and manners mild
In boyhood's years:—and when no more a child,
Benevolence with filial love, combined
To sway each motive of his manly mind.

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PREFACE.

THE Author well knows that young people do not read Prefaces, which are considered by them as most useless adjuncts to a book.

Judicious parents, however, are always desirous of ascertaining how far truth is blended with fiction, and what accurate ideas their children may obtain from the perusal of any work which may fall into their hands.

The following short tale is founded on the circumstance of a gentleman, with his

highly-educated son, settling in Australia, and there for a long period cheerfully submitting to all the hardships and privations attendant on such a situation. Although the events leading to and arising out of this fact, as here narrated, are purely fictitious, yet the Author has been careful to make the latter in strict accordance with a settler's life and habits; while implicit reliance may be placed on whatever is found in these pages relating to the natural history of Australia, and to the manners and character of its native inhabitants. For this information the Author is indebted to the kind communications of a gentleman who resided for some time in Australia, under circumstances peculiarly favourable for obtaining an ac-

curate knowledge on these subjects. The result of his valuable observations has recently been given to the public, in a work* so rich in information and entertainment, as to prove an inexhaustible source whence other sketches of Australia may be drawn for the amusement of youthful readers, should the present little work meet their approval.

* "The Present State of Australia, by Robert Dawson, Esq. late Chief Agent to the Australian Agricultural Company."

ALFRED DUDLEY.

CHAPTER I.

Calamities, which oft assail
The wisest of our kind,
Though for a time they vex, yet fail
To subjugate the Mind:
Secure she sits amid the strife,
And triumphs o'er the ills of life.

In a beautiful part of the country, not far from a considerable county town in England, the passing traveller cannot fail to observe, with admiration, the luxuriant undulating varieties of a picturesque park, surrounding an elegant and commodious mansion.

This, at the time our story commences, was the abode of peace and felicity. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley, with their four children, were then its

happy inmates. Alfred, the eldest of the family, was a fine boy between thirteen and fourteen years of age. His future expectations were not limited to his father's extensive property, as he was also the presumptive heir to the title of his maternal uncle, Sir Alfred Melcombe. This gentleman was many years older than his sister, Mrs. Dudley. He had accumulated immense wealth by his parsimonious habits, and always declared that his property should devolve on the person who should bear his title. Such an education was therefore sought to be given to Alfred, as should best fit him for the high station in society which he appeared destined to fill. Under the judicious guidance of his parents, ably assisted by an intelligent tutor, his character gradually developed itself, giving promise of future excellence; and many a dream of parental ambition saw in him the future luminary of his age and country.

His three sisters, Emma, Mary, and Caroline, were however no less the objects of their parents' solicitude.

The whole family were united and affectionate

towards each other, and the even tenor of their days passed in improvement and enjoyment. Mr. and Mrs. Dudley had so many pursuits within themselves, and were so devoted to the education of their children, that they sought for few extraneous pleasures. Mr. Dudley more especially took great delight in rural occupations, and in improving that domain which had descended to him from his fathers; while his cultivated mind and benevolent disposition made him respected and beloved by all who knew him. His friends could always rely with unerring security on his advice and assistance. Among these was a relative, who, conversant in mercantile pursuits, sought to induce his kind friend to enter with him into a banking concern in the neighbouring town. He professed to require nothing from Mr. Dudley but the use of his name, which would at once give character and stability to the establishment. Mr. Dudley, unfortunately, was not a man of business, and did not exactly understand the resposibility he should incur by such an arrangement; being also of a confiding, unsuspicious temper, he in a fatal

moment consented to become the partner of one whom he had always believed to be a man of strict integrity, as well as of good abilities and practical knowledge.

For many months he received no annoyance from his kindness, and almost forgot he was a banker in the next town. He was, however, fated to be dreadfully reminded of this, when one morning the astounding news was brought to him that the bank had stopped, and his partner, Mr. ——, had absconded. He was struck with consternation at this alarming intelligence, although scarcely knowing how or in what manner he could be involved. On repairing to the house of business, the scene which presented itself was peculiarly adapted to harrow up the feelings of so benevolent a character: a crowd of poor people were besieging the doors, in vain seeking payment for notes, in which all their hard-earned savings had been invested. When he was recognised, a passage was made for him in respectful silence. He rushed into the house, and found his worst fears too truly confirmed. He was shocked at the information that

Mr. —— had been secretly speculating to a large amount, and now, seeing the most extensive ruin inevitable, had fled from the just resentment of his too confiding partner.

Mr. Dudley was for a time stunned by this overwhelming and most unexpected blow, but soon recovered his wonted vigour of mind, and prepared to meet the evil as became an honest man.

It will not be interesting to our young readers minutely to relate all the particulars attendant on the investigation of these disastrous affairs. It was an inexpressible relief to Mr. Dudley to find that he could, by converting all his property into money, pay every demand on the bank; and that he was saved from the additional pang of feeling that those who had reposed on the security of his name, had suffered from the ill-judged confidence he had placed in another.

After all was paid, however, he found himself left with a comparatively small sum for the future maintenance of that family who had been bred up in affluence, and to the continuance of which they had always looked forward as to a certainty.

It was Mrs. Dudley's painful task to support her husband and console her children under so pressing a calamity. Of these latter, Alfred was, however, the only one who clearly understood its extent. The little girls saw in it only the evil of leaving their beloved home, and all those delightful localities by which the place was so much endeared to them; and in the stern grief of their father, and the quiet sorrow of their mother, they only beheld regrets similar to their own; while the prospect of change, that idol of a child's fancy, in some measure compensated to them for the favourites they were about to leave.

Mr. Dudley brought all his energies to the task: the sacrifice was soon made, and they left that cherished spot which he had confidently hoped would have been the hereditary property of his descendants.

Whither should they seek refuge? was now the question. Sir Alfred Melcombe looked on with cold indifference, and proffered not that assistance which Mr. Dudley was too proud to solicit.

After rejecting many plans, it was thought most adviseable to retire for a time to some cheap provincial town in France, where they might encroach as little as possible on their slender resources, till Mr. Dudley determined in what path his future exertions might be most beneficially exercised.

He obtained, at a very low rate, a large dilapidated mansion, with an extensive garden, which had evidently, for many years, been consigned to neglect and ruin. While he and the partner of all his feelings gazed on this scene of desolation, they fancied that some family, once happy like themselves, had been driven from this beautiful spot by the horrors of the Revolution, and had become outcasts from their country, under circumstances more afflicting than their own. They endeavoured, for the sake of each other as well as for their children, to shed on their altered situation as much of comfort as possible, and to invest their present gloomy abode with cheerfulness and content. Influenced by these sentiments, they strove to give to it a more habitable appearance. Mr. Dudley's correctness of taste

and love of active employment would not allow him to suffer the grounds to remain in such a ruinous state, and he, assisted by all the family, set seriously to work to produce order from disorder. They insensibly became interested in the healthy pursuit. Alfred proved himself a valuable and persevering coadjutor to his father; while the little girls were delighted at the wonderful effects produced by their own industry. When the parterres had, by the united exertions of the whole family, been tolerably cleared from rubbish, healthy fruit-trees and valuable plants were discovered, which had been choked up by the noxious weeds.

In a surprisingly short time, that which had been unsightly and unproductive, exhibited a pleasing and flourishing appearance. While Mr. and Mrs. Dudley contemplated, with no small complacency, the improved condition of their present abode, they were astonished how soon their minds had accommodated themselves to circumstances, and how much of content and cheerfulness already surrounded them. They were still a happy family, and were pleased to

find that this happiness did not depend on adventitious circumstances. Alfred and his elder sister seemed devoted to their parents, and appeared anxious to make up to them, by affection, for every privation to which they were necessarily subjected; and even the two little ones never enquired after the luxuries to which they had been accustomed, or repined at the want of that attendance which they could no longer receive.

The peaceful course of their days was, however, somewhat clouded by a letter which Mrs. Dudley received from her brother, who imperiously required that Alfred, his future heir, should be placed at a public school in England, where care should be taken that his appearance and expenditure should not disgrace his future name. His father and mother had many struggles in conceding to this mandate, so offensively made, and accompanied by many unfeeling remarks on the impropriety of the heir to wealth being made the partaker of their humble manner of living. But they were too just not to feel that there was some truth in these observations, and that it

would be culpably selfish in them to withhold from their son the advantages held out for his acceptance. They therefore determined on parting from their beloved Alfred. They had no anxiety in sending him from their own guidance, as they felt secure that his character was sufficiently formed to be fortified against the temptations of a public school.

When Alfred was informed by his parents of his uncle's intention, he earnestly entreated that he might be allowed to share their present lot, and not be forced to leave them. "I can," said he, "pursue my studies here: I will devote my evening hours to improvement, and under your superintendence, can surely acquire as much as at a school."

"No, my child," replied his father; "this must not be: your uncle requires that his heir shall not be contaminated by plebeian modes of subsistence, or by coming in contact with penury and privation."

"Why does he not then remove these evils from us?"

"Perhaps, my dear boy, the proud spirit of

your father may be as inimical to this as the mean spirit of your uncle. *I* want not his assistance."

"Nor *I*, father: the best, the most proper place for a son is the abode of his parents; and I will not quit yours now it no longer offers all the comforts and luxuries of affluence."

The disinterested affection of Alfred extremely gratified his parents, but they could not acquiesce in his wishes: they felt that their home, with its homely occupations, was not a suitable residence for the representative of an ancient family, and the heir to large possessions; and Alfred had been too well used to obedience to resist their desire that he should resume his studies at a public school. He stipulated, however, for one indulgence, which was too much in accordance with the wishes of their own hearts for them to meet it with a refusal—that he should spend his vacations at home, and not with his uncle.

CHAPTER II.

How sweetly the voice of affection can heal,
All the wounds that the spirit is destined to feel!
But who can assuage the dark woes of the heart,
When the fiat of destiny calls us to part?

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley did not long find themselves excluded from society in their new residence: their interesting story soon became known in the little circle which surrounded them; their independent manner of meeting reverses excited sympathy and respect; and they, in a short time, found that the pleasures of the society, and even the friendship of the well-educated and refined, courted their acceptance in their retirement.

Mrs. Dudley was careful in the education of her little girls. Emma, with consideration far beyond her years, sought, by her docility and diligence, to lighten as much as possible the labours of her mother. She was a fine, healthy

girl, of eleven years old, and was a source of nothing but pleasure to all around her. Mary was likewise an amiable child; but her delicate frame and constant attacks of illness caused her to be an object of extreme solicitude to her anxious parents. Little Caroline was still the plaything of the house, and Emma claimed her as her future pupil.

Much as their situation was changed, Mr. Dudley would have been happy in his novel way of life, had he not been anxious for the future fate of his wife and children; and he felt that he ought speedily to determine on some plan by which he might secure to them a permanent independence. He was unconversant with mercantile pursuits, which also require capital and connexion for a prosperous issue; he was too old to qualify himself for any of the professions; and felt himself incapable of every thing except that pursuit which had been his amusement all his life, and which at present so largely assisted in promoting his health and comfort. He thoroughly understood agriculture and rural husbandry in all its branches; and his inclination

and previous habits all combined to confirm him in the selection.

He knew that there was much greater scope for the success of agricultural concerns in a new country than in an old one; and could scarcely flatter himself that in England he could realize much advantage beyond the mere support of his family. He was therefore reluctantly obliged to fix his thoughts far from his native land, and to determine on emigration. While wavering in his choice of a country, a friend put a letter in his hands which he had just received from Australia. This gave a brilliant account of prosperity in that far distant land; enlarged so enthusiastically on the benefits almost certain to accrue from obtaining a grant of land there; and dwelt so warmly on the beauty of the climate, that Mr. Dudley's fancy was caught by the alluring picture, and he endeavoured to communicate to Mrs. Dudley his own sanguine views on the subject. There however appeared to her many difficulties in the accomplishment of this scheme. Her little girl Mary was not at all equal to the fatigue of so long a voyage, and

the subsequent hardships they might be called upon to encounter; while she could not look with calmness on Mr. Dudley's proposal that he should proceed alone to Australia to buffet with fortune, not allowing his family to join him till he had satisfied himself of the success of his experiment, or alone suffered from its failure. It was a most difficult task to reconcile his wife to this arrangement; but she was ever ready to sacrifice her own feelings at the shrine of duty, and at length consented that her husband should go unaccompanied and desolate, to carve out an independence, and again to obtain for them a happy home.

When Alfred returned to his family to spend his vacation, he immediately saw in the pensive brow of his mother some new cause for grief, and earnestly entreated to be made a partaker of her cares. Informed of the nature of these, he could not help agreeing with his father in the eligibility of the project. He was now more than fifteen; and although of a character much more formed than the generality of his contemporaries, he largely partook of all the romance of youth,

when the spirit of adventure lays hold of the imagination, and to visit distant lands and engage in new scenes have nothing in them but what is most attractive. He therefore did not view this temporary separation in the same light as his mother; but when she spoke of his father, thrown among strangers and enduring hardships, without one being to sympathize with him or share in his cares, Alfred bid her be comforted. "I will," he said, "accompany my father: he shall not go forth alone and uncared for. I will watch over his footsteps, and devoting to him all that tenderness which I feel for you both, endeavour to make up to him for all the concentrated affections of home."

"What! lose you too, my child," exclaimed his mother: "Oh! no, no; let me not believe it my duty to submit to so hard a trial."

When Alfred entreated his father to allow him to be his companion, he peremptorily refused; but again and again the former returned to the charge, and urged every argument he could suggest to induce compliance with his wishes. "I cannot consent, my son," his father would say:

"you are destined to fill a higher station than that of an Australian settler: your uncle is willing, nay, anxious to continue to you the benefits of what is considered the best education, and to confer on you all the advantages arising from wealth. Amid our misfortunes it is an inexpressible consolation that you at least are spared the vicissitudes of our lot. We have not to mourn over the extinction of those ambitious parental aspirings with which we have been wont to illume your future path. You will not, my child, disappoint our hopes: you will yet fulfil all our fondest wishes: you will shine among the first stars of your country—the eloquent orator, the incorruptible legislator, the enlightened statesman, and perhaps the benefactor of your species."

"And will *this*," exclaimed Alfred, "will *this* be fulfilling *all* your fondest wishes? Would you have me become the undutiful, cold-hearted son—the neglectful, selfish brother—who could see his parents and sisters, they who had always showered upon him all the tenderness and affection which give value to life, could calmly

see them become exiles from their country, to seek a refuge where his protecting arm might shield them from danger—a home which his unwearied exertions might deprive of its desolation, while he should bask in all the luxuries bestowed by a capricious relative, and unfeelingly withheld from those nearest and dearest to him? Should I fulfil *all* your wishes by becoming such a wretch? Oh, my father!"—he hid his face in his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"My dearest Alfred, do not tempt me; rather support me under this trial. If, instead of toiling unaided and unregarded, feeling myself a desolate wanderer on the earth, I had my loved boy at my side, cheering and assisting me, and being to me an object for all those feelings of tenderness which would otherwise be pent up in my soul—how would this at once change the hue of my future prospects, and gild them with hope and comfort? I dare not trust myself to contemplate the picture, lest I should selfishly waver in my resolve, and consign my child to the hardships which he need not encounter. No; this must not be. You must henceforth

consider yourself as heir to a station which you must learn to sustain with proper dignity. By becoming my fellow-labourer in Australia you could not acquire this; but think you I shall have no consolation in feeling that you are all that my heart wishes you, and that you still sympathize in your father's weal?"

"Father, I implore you to let me accompany you! What are riches, what are honours, compared to that interchange of affection which ennobles our nature? I reject them, I will not possess them unparticipated by those I love. Do you not believe, that in the sight of our Heavenly Father I shall better fulfil the end of our being, by cultivating my filial affection, than by grasping after worldly honours? Mother, intercede for me! You, who have implanted and nourished in me these strong feelings of affection for the authors of my being, will not, I am sure, conspire thus rudely to rive them asunder."

His mother felt the appeal; she likewise felt what an inexpressible comfort he would be to his father, and what a repose it would be to her own mind to have such a security, that the latter

would always carefully guard himself from danger, and preserve his spirits from despondency for the sake of his loved companion. Mr. Dudley therefore found in her an unexpected advocate for Alfred, and at length he yielded, on condition that his son should take a week for consideration; and if at the end of that time he should be as earnest in his wishes, he should then be allowed their indulgence.

During this brief period Mr. Dudley took every opportunity of dilating to Alfred on the hardships and privations attendant on settlers in a new country, and would then descant on the advantage of wealth, on the enjoyment of rank, on the delight of gratified ambition. To all this Alfred invariably made no reply, and his father was at a loss to discover what impression he had made. When the hour of decision arrived, Alfred convinced his father that he was not of a vacillating disposition.

" All I have heard from you, during the last week," said he to his father, " but confirms me in the propriety of my determination. If your prospects be indeed so uninviting as you repre-

sent, does it not become still more the urgent duty of your son to share with you, and support you under the trials you are about to encounter? As to the worldly allurements with which you would seek to turn me from my path, your precepts, and those of my beloved mother, have taught me to know, that there are higher things on which to place our happiness: yet by this decision think not I make any sacrifice to duty; on the contrary, my most selfish feelings and inclinations are gratified; for can there be any comparison between the happiness of seeking a new country with my father, and assisting him to prepare a comfortable home for my dear mother and sisters, and the misery of being a dependent on a heartless miser's bounty, and of feeling that I am not an object of interest to any by whom I am surrounded?"

All now was active preparation for the departure of father and son, as a ship was about to sail to the land of promise.

Mr. Dudley's first care, however, was to make arrangements for the comfortable establishment of his wife and daughter. Among the families

with whom they had become acquainted during their residence in France, there were a widow lady and her daughter, whose cast of mind was peculiarly congenial to Mrs. Dudley, and whose pleasing manners and many amiable qualities soon produced a reciprocal friendship. They were now in rather reduced circumstances, and having a house somewhat larger than they required, it appeared a mutual accommodation that Mrs. Dudley and her daughters should share their dwelling. It was a great relief to Mr. Dudley's mind to leave his beloved family so satisfactorily placed, secure of the blessings of friendship and sympathy; and he was careful, in arranging his pecuniary affairs, to leave with them ample funds to meet their small expenditure.

The little girls endeavoured to dissipate their grief, by busying themselves in making lists of every thing which it was possible the emigrants might require. Every day they brought to Alfred something which they said would be most indispensable; and had he attended to their constant suggestions, his packages would have

increased to a most inconvenient number; while to their numerous directions and often-repeated injunctions to write to them very, very frequently, he promised strict compliance.

At length the moment of separation arrived. Who shall attempt to describe the feelings of this once happy family on the sad occasion! Alfred strove to rally his own spirits and those of the rest of the family, and while he kissed away his sister's tears, he playfully assured them he would raise up another Dudley Park for their reception.

After this trial was over, Mrs. Dudley slowly returned to the duties of her situation. She was, if possible, more solicitous to store the minds of her girls with useful knowledge, and to impart to them accomplishments, now she knew they were destined to be buried in the wilds of Australia, than if she had been educating them to mix in the great world. She felt what a blessing a cultivated mind would be to them, where they must depend for happiness on their own resources, while their lighter acquirements would shed a charm over a life of otherwise homely occupation.

Her kind friends assisted her in the task, and although they lived very retired, her time would have passed quickly, had she not anxiously watched for the period when she might reasonably expect to hear accounts of the dear absent ones: they were the constant theme of conversation between her and her girls, and not a day passed but the map was consulted, and conjectures were made as to the probable point they had reached. At length, after eleven months anxious suspense, she received letters. What a welcome sight was the hand-writing of those she so much loved! and how often did she peruse and reperuse their valued communications!

CHAPTER III.

How oft the sorrowing exile turns
His restless thoughts on home!
How bright the hope within him burns
Of happiness to come,
When those for whom his bosom sighs,
Shall bless once more his longing eyes!

Nothing particular occurred on the voyage. Perhaps extracts from the letter of our hero may contain such information as to render any further chronicle of events unnecessary.

"Well, my dear sisters, here we are, separated from you many thousand miles, about to launch on a life of adventure and active industry. My father and I are in excellent health and spirits, and quite prepared for labour and privation.

"I will not describe Sydney to you, as you can see and read so much better a description of it in a 'prent buke,' than I could give you, and

I do not mean to write any thing you can find any where else. We had a tedious voyage of five months, the dull monotony of which was only varied by our touching at Rio. * * * *

* * "It was a most tiresome thing to my impatient spirit to behold, day after day, and week after week, nothing but an expanse of water around us. I began to suspect that the land was most provokingly receding as we advanced, and that I should grow up to manhood while yet pacing the quarter-deck. We had several fellow-passengers who, like ourselves, were voluntary exiles, seeking an asylum in that country to which the criminal is banished. There is certainly something unpleasant associated with Botany Bay—it always brings with it ideas of disgrace and coercion; and I should, for my own part, have been much better pleased if my father had decided on some other place of destination; but after all, this is nothing but prejudice, and I can be as virtuous and free in Australia, as if it were not contaminated by vice and misery.

"Among our ship companions there were a lady and gentleman, with whom we have become

extremely intimate, and their society was a great source of pleasure both to my father and myself. Mr. and Mrs. Pelham are a most interesting couple—their story affords ample reason for their expatriation, and it will prepare you to receive as friends these companions of our exile. We trust the friendship which has grown up between us will not only very much alleviate our present disagreeables, but will lead to a lasting intercourse of reciprocal kindness. My father and Mr. Pelham intend, if possible, to obtain grants of land adjoining to each other, which may prove a mutual benefit, while such agreeable society will certainly be a most delightful resource to us. Mr. Pelham has a friend who has been settled here for some years, and this gentleman's advice has already been of great service to my father.

"How often, my dear mother, I wish you could see Mrs. Pelham; she is somewhat older than you, and the sufferings and care which can be traced in her countenance, have left there, premature marks of age; but her mild and pensive manner, and the remarkable sweetness of her voice, must prepossess every one in her favour.

She still mourns the loss of a son about my own age, and she could at first scarcely see me without emotion. I was ill, very ill, during the early part of the voyage, and her tenderness and maternal kindness towards me first attracted my father, and caused our present feelings of grateful attachment." * * *

The remainder of Alfred's letter, full of affection towards his mother and sisters, we will leave them to read over and over with fond delight, while we resume the narrative.

As soon as Mr. Dudley arrived at Sydney, he took steps for obtaining a grant of land. He did not intend to stay at that town a day longer than was absolutely necessary, as he felt it of the most urgent importance to economize his means and his time, and on no account to allow the fine season to pass unprofitably. Both he and Alfred were likewise impatient again to breathe the fresh air of the country, and to commence their useful labours. They, however, found the people at Sydney very hospitable, and Alfred soon lost the idea of being at Botany Bay, while mixing in a crowd of respectable society, where no traces of

convicts could be discovered. But as he walked the streets, he was occasionally shocked at the sight of a native in a state of intoxication; and not far from the town, he witnessed, with the most painful feelings, convicts working in chains.

During the necessary time which elapsed before a grant could be selected and assigned in proper form to Mr. Dudley, he was actively engaged in collecting together every thing that was necessary for the successful issue of his undertaking. He was in this materially assisted by Mr. Pelham's friend, whose local knowledge of the country enabled him to point out to Mr. Dudley's choice a considerable tract of land still unlocated, most favourably situated on the banks of Hunter's River; from his account of its eligibility, Mr. Dudley gladly made the selection, without any previous survey of the spot, and he soon found himself again a landed proprietor of many hundred acres.

As his new possessions were situated on a navigable river, he had not the fatigue or delay of a land journey. He therefore immediately hired a vessel sufficiently capacious to convey

themselves and the two convicts he had engaged as field labourers, together with the numerous stores, stock, provisions, furniture, implements, &c. which he had accumulated together. The enumerating this heterogeneous collection amused Alfred extremely, while he reckoned among their chief goods, stout hearts and firm resolutions to effect all that can be done by industry and perseverance.

There was, however, every thing encouraging in the first view of the country, which presented a beautiful undulating prospect, with just enough of wood about it to fill up the enchantment of the scenery; one spot, in particular, reminded Alfred of the beloved park which they had been compelled to resign, and here he earnestly requested his father to allow their tents to be pitched.

It was now September, the spring of Australia. This being the most favourable season for sowing maize or Indian corn, Mr. Dudley was extremely anxious to appropriate a considerable space of ground to its culture, as on this he believed his future success almost to depend. He

found they had expended much more of their little stock of money in all the indispensible things required, than he had contemplated; and their cash was at so low an ebb that it would not afford them the means of subsistence for many months longer.

All idea of providing for their personal comforts was therefore abandoned; and till the necessary labour was completed, they slept in their tents. The first dawn of day saw them at their work, which they did not quit until night. Their industrious example and liberal remuneration induced their servants to extra diligence; and in a very short time some acres were cleared, enclosed, and planted. They had then time to think of their present wants, and of providing themselves with a more substantial habitation. For this purpose the father and son turned carpenters: assisted by their servants, they cut down trees, stripped the bark, and sawed the trunks into logs and planks. While thus so unremittingly employed, they were far from being unhappy. This may best appear from a letter Alfred, about this time, addressed to his sisters.

" How often, my dear sisters, I wish you could take a peep at us; you would scarcely recognise your sunburnt father and brother in their linen jackets, busily engaged in their multifarious occupations. How amused you would be at seeing us employed in our household affairs. I fear my awkward attempts might sometimes excite your mirth, while our father's excellent performance would call forth your admiration. He is certainly an adept in every art, and shines equally as an architect or an agriculturist, as in the more lowly callings of a cook or a cobler. I am glad to become his pupil in all things; and without vanity be it spoken, that although I fail in some, in others I make so surprising a proficiency, that I am growing quite conceited at the extent of my imitative powers.

" For the first month we were nothing but labourers in the field: we could then afford no time to the conveniences of life, and were forced to be content with the provisions with which we had plentifully supplied ourselves from Sydney. The flour and the Indian corn-meal were prepared *à la hâte*, merely as we required it; and we were

right glad at night to stretch our weary limbs under the shelter of a tent. Now, however, the grain is sown, and we have time to turn our attention to other things.

"We have begun building our mansion, which is to be on a most magnificent scale. It puts me in mind of the Dublin projectors, who begin such splendid edifices and so seldom finish them. Our ambition and our execution are, compared with our present means, it must be confessed, caricatures on those of the Irish architect. What do you think is the plan of our intended abode? We have taken no less a model than Dudley Park! We are, however, certainly at present satisfied, if the truth must be told, with erecting the little wing of offices which you remember lay almost concealed in the shrubbery. We flatter ourselves, however, that we shall be able, after the harvest, to tack on to this wing a more commodious dwelling for your reception, somewhat resembling our late beloved home; and by degrees we shall perhaps accomplish something worthy of our grand designs. Certain it is, we have within us almost all the elements for

realizing our projects, having plenty of excellent stone close at hand, of which we can have as much as we require for the labour of cutting it; while we obtain timber abundantly in the process of clearing our land. We hope very soon to complete our present residence, which is to consist of four rooms, built of logs, and covered with bark; and we shall be enabled to fit them up tolerably comfortably, with the furniture we have brought from Sydney for that purpose. Our two convict labourers inhabit a hut of their own, apart from our dwelling; and our domestic affairs are entirely kept separate, as we consider them merely farming servants, and entirely restrict their services to out-door employments."

CHAPTER IV.

Toil brings its pleasures, and the ripening hue
Of grain our hands have sown, delights the view,
With joy much purer than the countless hoard
Of slothful indolence can e'er afford.

Our settlers were now gratified by receiving from Europe excellent accounts of those dear beings they had left there. Meanwhile, they continued their exertions without relaxation. Alfred was ever actively engaged in doing every thing which could assist and save his father from fatigue; while his cheerful spirits and his sanguine temper imparted some of his own buoyancy to the latter, who otherwise would, at times, have felt overwhelmed with the magnitude of their undertaking, or sunk in despondency at the apparent hopelessness of its accomplishment. While they now gladly engaged in all those details of their household concerns, which contri-

buted to their mutual comfort, those tasks which, to a solitary being, would have been most irksome, were now only their amusement and sport, as the ludicrous situations of his father and himself drew forth Alfred's mirth. But, at times, a cloud would pass over the brow of Mr. Dudley as he gazed on his son, engaged in such inappropriate employments, and sighed to think that his time should be wasted in a manner so little suited to his high abilities and cultivated mind; but when urged to quit the drudgery for a while, and go to more congenial pursuits, Alfred always gaily refused, and did not desist till, by his irresistible good-humour and strange conceits, he had elicited a hearty laugh from his father.

Their condition was now daily improving, and every thing appeared prosperous and flourishing. They had sheep, and cattle, and horses, and abundant pasture for all. Another extract from one of Alfred's letters will perhaps best describe their manner of living.

* * * " You ask after our pet Merinos which we brought with us from France. I assure you

I have been neglectful of them only with my pen, as they require and receive much of our time and attention. They all arrived here in excellent condition; and my father believes the abundant care we take of them will be rewarded by the increased beauty of their fleeces, which we confidently expect will rival the silkworm's labours. But like most other fine ladies, they are not the best mothers in the world: we are therefore obliged to provide nurses for their lambkins from other plebeian sheep, whose own lambs are taken from them for this purpose; and some of these poor ill-used little creatures assist in giving variety to our table. But do not believe that I am their butcher: this department of our ménage devolves on one of our less tender-hearted servants.

"We have now time to be more elaborate in our culinary preparations, and convert our flour into bread before we use it for food. How I thump and knead the dough! and how the delicious product rewards me for my labours! Now I dare say you think me a greater wonder than I am, and fancy I make the dough unassisted by

yeast: we have, however, provided ourselves with an abundant supply of yeast-cakes, according to a receipt from the 'Cottage Economy,' a book which is quite our manual for all these domestic affairs. Some of our milk is now set apart and deprived of its cream, which undergoes the process of being made into butter: this latter operation, I must confess, is most irksome to me. How I do rail against the inventor of the tedious transmutation, while I churn and churn till both my temper and myself wax exceedingly hot; and as I rest my wearied arms, watching in vain for the little lumps beginning to form and float on the liquid surface, I feel strongly tempted to upset the whole concern, and renounce for ever the duties of the dairy. When I am engaged in my other labours, be they rustic, culinary, or housewifery, I know the extent and end of my trouble; but here there is no definite time in which the result is obtained. Besides, I can invest those occupations with something of dignity, in reflecting on the heroes that were once so employed; but I do not think there is any hero on record, who ever vexed and troubled

himself and the cream, in the hope of obtaining 'a greasy matter with which to plaster his bread.' There is no doubt this is peculiarly the vocation of the patient half of the creation. I think, if it were for myself alone, the churn would long ago have floated down the river; but the task is to add to the comforts of our dear father, and what menial office is not ennobled to me by this idea? So I go on till success crowns my efforts. Besides, I feel my dignity compromised at being baffled by so unworthy an object; and to own the truth, I do not like to be conquered, be it by cream or by cryptography.

"But do not think we are quite solitaries in a desert. If our finances would allow, we could purchase many comforts, and be as well supplied as if we lived in an inhabited place. For know ye, some other wiseacres found out, before we made the precious discovery, the wonderful delights of going to make a home for themselves in kangaroo land; and there are, in consequence, many settlements scattered along the banks of this river. To provide for the necessities of these isolated beings, some aquatic pedlars frequent

the river, which they navigate in small craft, containing assortments of every thing which it can be imagined persons situated in these solitary domains can require. There are even all kinds of women's gear to be found in these omnium gatherа; and you will be glad to hear that when you join us, I shall not be without the opportunity of making you presents of whatever your wants or your vanity may require of female finery. These pedlars likewise will buy the produce of our land, or will convey it safely to any agent to whom we may consign it at Sydney; and to make our transactions with them still more convenient, they will take as payment for their goods some equivalent part of our produce, or barter them for any thing else: so we have returned to the usages of the primitive ages, and have not much want of vile money here.

"I thank you, my dear little Mary, for the lessons you gave me in the use of the needle, and for the housewife and all its accompanying et cetera. I assure you, you would be quite proud of your scholar, could you but see how handily I mend up the many rents we make in our

clothes, and fill up, with a texture of cotton, the huge holes of our well-trodden stockings. * * * * * * Our revered father bears all the fatigues he imposes on himself with unbroken health and vigour, while he is always anxious to take from me my due share of toil, wishing me to go to my Virgil or Homer, and leave to him some of our household duties; and I am obliged constantly to quote these poets, to prove to him that I have not forgotten them, and that I do but imitate the heroes about whom they sing. Could you, my beloved mother, see his countenance beaming on me with delight, as I with burlesque pomposity pour forth my Latin and Greek quotations to sanction every incongruous performance; could you but hear him, as he presses my hand, and tells me, in half-broken words, what a comfort, what a blessing I am to him, you would indeed feel with me that I am much better employed, in devoting to his happiness those hours, which he so often regrets are not spent in attaining the acquirements which usually engate the attention, or rather the time, of other boys of my age." * * * *

But Alfred's letter is perhaps now becoming too sentimental for the taste of my youthful readers, we will therefore drop his correspondence till we come to some communication which may be found more entertaining.

Time passed rapidly in this busy life, and the waving corn soon promised an abundant harvest. They looked forward to this with no small solicitude, as their sole dependence for future success. Had not Mr. Dudley, with foresight and energy which all settlers should resolutely imitate, been indefatigable in thus hastening on the means of improving his property with the least possible expence, before he gathered round him immediate comforts, his finances would have entirely failed, and he would have been forced to abandon his cherished project for independence: now he could contemplate without uneasiness his slender purse; he saw on his lands a rich harvest, which would amply replenish it, and reward him for his prudence and self-denial.

The maize was cut and speedily conveyed to Sydney down the river, in one of those small vessels already mentioned in Alfred's letter. It

yielded a return far beyond Mr. Dudley's expectations, and he now found himself as rich as before he had incurred all the necessary expences attendant on his coming to and settling in Australia. This held out great encouragement for continued perseverance and industry, while every other branch of husbandry gave promise of future success. The father and son used now often to solace themselves by talking of the time when their dear relatives could join them; they felt they should soon be able to make their habitation a suitable abode for females, and already they formed a thousand plans for giving to the place every attraction which would most charm those whom they so much desired should be its inhabitants.

They now allowed themselves occasional relaxation, and derived great pleasure in a constant intercourse with their kind friends and neighbours the Pelhams, who had just established themselves on their grant, which adjoined Mr. Dudley's, the distance between the two houses being scarcely a mile. Their residence already boasted somewhat more of comforts than their

neighbours; woman's hand and woman's taste could easily be discerned in its arrangement, and Alfred bespoke Mrs. Pelham's kind offices in pointing out the means, and in assisting to make their dwelling an equally comfortable home for his mother and sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. Pelham had been staying at the house of their friends, who were living near Newcastle,* a distance of only twenty miles from their own settlement. Instead, therefore, of banishing themselves to an uncultivated, uninhabited spot, they had been prevailed on by their hospitable friends to make their house their home till a dwelling was prepared for the new comers not wholly desolate, and every facility was afforded for its accomplishment, while the comparatively short distance enabled Mr. Pelham to be a constant superintendent of its erection.

Mrs. Pelham came to her home provided with a respectable female servant, and therefore she had comparatively few hardships to encounter. She often used to laugh at the bachelors' house; and their domestic economy was indebted to her

* Now called King's Town.

kindness for many improvements and additions; while Mr. Dudley's superior practical knowledge in agricultural affairs proved a valuable acquisition to Mr. Pelham, and thus their friendship was cemented by a continual interchange of kind offices, as well as by a further knowledge of their mutual amiable qualities.

CHAPTER V.

The kindly heart deems nought too mean to share
Participation in its generous care.

Mr. Dudley having hired more servants to assist in the labours of the field, Alfred could now, without infringing on his duties, often indulge his passion for exploring; his father had assigned to him a horse for his own use, and, mounted on it, he soon became familiar with the country for some miles round.

He often, in his equestrian excursions, fell in with some of the natives, but they generally avoided him, and he had failed to make any progress in their acquaintance; till one day, as he was riding in the forest, he heard the loud screams of a child, and immediately turned out of his path to the spot whence the sound issued; on looking down a short but steep declivity, he

saw a native woman lying on the ground apparently in great pain, with a child standing by her, crying at the very top of its lungs. Alfred dismounted, and strove to explain to the woman that he wished to assist her; after a great deal of time spent in endeavouring to understand her, he made out that she was travelling with her tribe, who, after having rested in the heat of the day, prepared to depart to another of their haunts, where they intended to pass the night; the child was at that time sweetly asleep, the mother could not bear to disturb it, she therefore prepared to watch by it till it awakened, proposing then to follow her companions to the place of rendezvous. The nap lasted much longer than she expected, and when at length the child did wake, it was terribly cross—an effect of a day-sleep, not perhaps wholly confined to Australian children. It was unwilling to move, and the poor mother prepared to carry it, hurrying on with her burden, lest darkness should overtake them before they could reach the encampment. She was soon overcome by fatigue and heat, and yet the little perverse urchin would not walk; she moved on

still faster, not much heeding the inequality of the ground, when her foot catching in the long grass, she fell and rolled over the declivity. She happily protected the child from injury, but on attempting to rise, found one of her ancles so much hurt that she could not put her foot to the ground, and was unable to proceed further. Hers was no enviable situation when Alfred fortunately discovered her, lying in great agony, passively enduring, without being able to quiet, the vociferations of her wayward child; who, too young or too unreasonable to understand the cause of its mother's recumbent position, was clamorously calling upon her to take her to the "gunyers;" while its mother, regardless of her own pain, was endeavouring to coax and persuade the little screamer into silence; for the maternal art of spoiling children is by no means an invention, though so prevailing a practice, of civilized society.

Alfred immediately determined on conveying the poor creature to her friends, who he found from her description of the spot, were encamped about two miles distant. He with much trouble





prevailed on her to let him lift her and her unruly child on his horse; luckily, he had some biscuit in his pocket, with which he succeeded in stopping the girl's lamentations and resistance; he then led the docile animal with his new load, and proceeded onward, while the woman strove to express her gratitude, which appeared to be more excited by his having calmed the noisy grief of her child, than by any personal benefit to herself. As they drew near to the encampment, her husband and son came running towards her, attracted by the novel mode of her approach. She briefly told them of the kindness of the good "massa," and they were eager to testify their thanks; the whole tribe warmly welcomed him to their "gunyers," gathered round, and wished him to remain and partake of their fish, which was roasting in great abundance at the fire. But the shades of evening were now gathering fast, and he was anxious to return to his father, who no doubt would become uneasy at his prolonged stay, he therefore promised to return and pay them a visit another day, while he gave them an invitation to his own home. They feared he might lose his way in

the " bush," and considerately wished to furnish him with a guide. Mickie, the son of the woman he had assisted, a fine lad rather younger than Alfred, earnestly entreated permission to light and guide him through the obscurity and intricacy of the forest, but Alfred firmly declined his services, assuring him he knew his way home as well as if he were a native, and promising soon again to see his new friends, he departed at full speed; but he quickly found he had overrated his knowledge of the road, as the obscurity began to deepen into entire darkness; he became perplexed and knew not which way to proceed; he gave the reins to his horse, in the hope that it would prove wiser than its master, but the animal snorted, put back his ears, and seemed as much at fault as the rider. Alfred now pictured to himself his father's anxiety at his protracted absence, and determined to push on at all hazards, but he had evidently deviated from the proper route, as his horse was unwilling to proceed, appearing conscious of some threatened danger in the path. Just as he was about to urge the reluctant animal, he thought he heard a voice

from behind calling to him; and turning saw a light at some little distance evidently approaching: he went towards it, and could soon distinguish the sound of footsteps and the words, "massa, massa, top, top!" When he was joined by the person, he immediately recognized little Mickie, panting with the exertions he had used in endeavouring to keep up with Alfred. After the latter had departed from the natives, the little fellow could not feel satisfied at his proceeding alone through the forest in the dark, where there were many abrupt declivities, which rendered the course dangerous; and had therefore, with a piece of lighted bark from the tea-tree,* rapidly pursued his steps, and came up with him just in time to prevent any accident; the boy showed to Alfred the danger he had so nearly incurred from a deep pit-fall which lay only two paces from the spot at which his horse had so pertinaciously stopped. "Pollow me, massa; me towe you right bay." Alfred was in-

* The bark from a tree called the tea-tree, besides its other valuable properties, is highly combustible, and is always used for torches by the Australian natives.

deed relieved at thus having a friend raised up to him in the wilderness, and gladly resigned himself to the guidance of the young native, who speedily led him through many windings, and brought him into the open country at no great distance from his own habitation; before he arrived there, however, he met his father and Mr. Pelham, with torches, preparing to search for their runaway.

Our hero, who shall now be his own narrator, after relating his adventure, thus continued:—"My young friend proved to be a shrewd little fellow; he had occasionally visited some of our settlements, and picked up enough of English for us to be mutually intelligible. He wished to return immediately to his tribe, but we would not allow him to leave us that night, and pressed upon him all the rites of hospitality. 'What would you like to have to eat, my little man?' said my father to him, suiting the action to the word. 'Me like patter murry tings, massa.' 'Mention some of these then.' 'Me like patter, patter kangaroo, till bael me patter more—me like white pellow's ommina, me like nice

honey stuff him call choogar, me like all bedgere tings.' He was soon supplied with as much bread and sugar as he could 'patter,' which was no contemptible quantity, accompanied with tea for his beverage, and he appeared to be as pleased with his new friends as we were with him—we invited him to come to us whenever he liked, to which he eagerly promised compliance. With sunrise he was off to his tribe, but he has paid us daily visits since, and is always desirous of doing something that is useful for massa; and as I have already promoted him to the office of supernumerary to the household, you will most probably often hear of little Mickie in my future letters. But the conversations which we have together, and which I may perhaps sometimes relate, might prove unintelligible to you without explanation, I therefore enclose you a glossary* of his language, with 'notes critical and explanatory,' by which you will be able fully to enjoy all the native eloquence of my young friend." * * *

From this time there was constant friendly

* For which see end of volume.

intercourse between the Dudleys and the natives, which proved extremely advantageous to the former, as their sable friends were always glad to be employed, and thought themselves amply remunerated for their services by receiving a small piece of tobacco, some biscuit, some sugar, or some corn-meal; in return they very often brought a large basket of fish for "massa to patter," and Mr. Dudley pleased himself with the hope that they would become most able assistants in his favourite project of building a more commodious house for the reception of his family.

Every thing went on so prosperously, that Mr. Dudley thought he might now prudently indulge in his wish, and he resolved to lose no time in going to Sydney to make arrangements for obtaining suitable mechanics, as well as to settle some other affairs with his agent there.

Alfred remained at home to continue the various duties which engaged their attention. His father felt that he should not leave his son very desolate, while his labours were much lightened now he had so many voluntary assistants. Little Mick was become almost domesticated with them,

and never was so well pleased as when he had any duty assigned him, since he then felt he belonged to " massa." When Mr. Dudley was about to depart however, he could not help being unreasonably anxious at leaving his son, as Alfred writes—" My father left me as if he were going a voyage of many months; and had he not felt my presence was necessary to superintend our multifarious concerns, he could not have resisted making me his companion. It was amusing to hear the many injunctions he gave me to take care of myself; he constituted our friends Mr. and Mrs. Pelham my guardians, and even little Mickie was strongly recommended by him to watch over the footsteps of young massa, which he readily undertook, and to which he has most faithfully adhered." * * *

CHAPTER VI.

The free-born Indian sleeps, exempt from care,
The turf his bed, and curtained by the air;
While on his downy couch, the restless slave
Of sloth, in vain forgetfulness may crave.

Soon after the departure of Mr. Dudley, Mrs. Pelham was attacked with a most alarming illness, which for a short time occasioned to her husband many agonizing fears, in which Alfred deeply participated. Mr. Pelham had provided himself with a large assortment of medicines, while a considerable knowledge of their properties and effects, enabled him judiciously to administer them, in the absence of more regular medical skill. When Mrs. Pelham was first attacked, therefore, he immediately prepared the proper remedies for her complaint, and trusted that it would soon yield to their influence; they appeared however to have no beneficial effect,

and he was desirous of having recourse to another medicine, which he could not find in his collection. Alfred immediately dispatched Mickie on horseback to their agent at Newcastle, requesting him to send the preparation without a moment's loss of time. The patient however continued to get worse, and Mr. Pelham became so seriously alarmed and agitated, that he felt the necessity of obtaining without delay better medical advice. All his people were out at their labours in the fields, and Alfred would not waste a moment's precious time in seeking for a messenger. He flew to the stable for a horse, and immediately galloped off himself in search of that aid which might bring relief to his suffering friend. He urged his horse immoderately, reached Newcastle in a very short time, and sought out Mr. Roberts the surgeon, with whom Mr. Pelham had already become acquainted during his stay in that town, and of whose skill he entertained a high opinion. Informed by Alfred of the strong necessity for immediate attendance, Mr. Roberts lost no time in obeying the summons, and instantly departed, leaving Alfred to follow when his horse should

be sufficiently refreshed. On seeing the exhausted state of the animal, this gentleman warmly pressed Alfred to remain at his house that night, as it was impossible to return home by daylight on the poor jaded beast. But Alfred had left Mrs. Pelham in so precarious a state, that he could not bear the idea of being so many hours without intelligence of her, he therefore, after allowing his horse only a short refreshment, proceeded homewards. This narration is thus continued in his letter: * * * "On my way I was surprised at overtaking little Mickie, ambling leisurely on, and singing in no very low key. I accosted him with 'How now, Mickie, is this the diligence with which you perform a message? you set out at least four hours before me, and I find you leisurely pursuing your way as if you had been entrusted with no commission.' 'Why, massa, pony and Mickie both tired, to me taid rest and patter.' 'But where is the parcel you were to bring back?' 'Oh! dat gone long ago, bael me bait and poor missie banting dat; but de massa tell me he tend it murry, murry quicker by canoe, me tee it go, it dere by dis time me

bleve.' After so satisfactory an explanation, I own I was not sorry to have Mickie as my companion in this long and dreary way, especially as I feared the night would set in before we reached home, and I had learnt to be diffident of finding my way in the dark. My companion's pony, after so long a rest, went gaily on; but my poor horse appeared to be suffering much under fatigue, and could scarcely proceed; I dismounted and ran by its side, and for a time it seemed to have gathered fresh energy, but it soon again relaxed and with difficulty made a step; I felt it was cruel to urge it, yet the only alternative was sleeping in the wood, and I therefore used every endeavour to proceed: in this manner we continued until we had made about half our journey, and then it fell down fairly through exhaustion. I saw it was in vain to expect it to move any further that night; what then was to be done? My kind little companion urged me to take his pony, and as the path was well indicated, he thought I might find my way home safely in the dark, although I was *not* a native. To this of course I would not accede, while he would not

on any account leave me. 'Nebber mind, massa, us nangry in bush, dat all.' I clearly saw this was the only expedient, and as my father was from home, my non-appearance would not occasion any uneasiness; for if Mr. Pelham's preoccupied mind would allow of his thinking of me at all, he would attribute my absence to fatigue, and at most deem me indifferent and neglectful in not coming to inquire after her for whom I professed so much interest, and whom I left in so hazardous a state; others, then, would not suffer by my detention in the bush, and to me it would only have been matter of amusement, had I not been so extremely solicitous to have tidings of Mrs. Pelham.

"We therefore prepared to pass the night in the bush. Mickie was now quite in his element, and was on the alert to do the honours of his native woods to me. Our first care was directed to the horses, which we tethered to a tree, and abundantly supplied with long grass. He next, using his knife with great dexterity, stripped some large pieces of bark from the trees, cut some forked sticks, and made a very comfortable



bark covering, resembling the hood of a chaise, under which I could creep and lie as snug as under a curtained canopy; while daylight allowed us, we collected together a heap of dried leaves and branches, and soon made a glowing fire. Mickie supplied my little hut with plenty of long grass and soft bark from the tea-tree, and every arrangement seemed to be made, necessary for passing the night most comfortably. My companion, who knew every inch of the ground, now went in search of a narrow streamlet, which he recollected ran near this spot; he succeeded in bringing a small supply of water for the horses in a piece of bark, which he contrived to fold in such a fashion as to enable it to contain water. He next produced a bag, which was suspended to his belt, and which had been filled with biscuit and bread by his friends at Newcastle; he poured the contents into my lap, and with an air as if he considered me his guest in the bush, apologized hat he had nothing better to offer me, most pathetically regretting that he had not a nice kangaroo roasting at the fire, which we might 'patter all night,' and I smiled while his eyes sparkled

at this picture of savage felicity. I took a small piece of biscuit, and offered to return him the rest. 'Bael me bant patter night, massa—me like tee you patter best;' and I assure you I had some difficulty in prevailing on this hospitable lord of the forest to take his due share of the provisions he had furnished. We then prepared for sleep, and I do not think I ever slept sounder or more comfortable than under my bark covering. When I awoke in the morning, I immediately ran to my poor horse; it was a great relief to me to find him standing up; he greeted me with his neighings, and it would have seemed, that he wished to make me understand, that he was now able and willing to resume his duties. I looked round in vain for my assistant groom, and wondered where the little fellow had vanished; however, I soon spied him coming towards me, and found that my indefatigable host had been already abroad catering for a breakfast; we should most probably have reached home in less than a couple of hours, and therefore the calls of hunger were of little moment; but he would have considered he had done the honours of the bush to me very

imperfectly if he had suffered me to depart without refreshment. He had discovered a wild cherry-tree at a little distance, and came to me plentifully supplied with its fruit. This was indeed welcome to my parched mouth, but while I was hastening the preparations for our immediate departure, Mickie detained me in saying, 'top bit, massa, me dot tometing better yet;' and he exhibited part of a honeycomb, which he had discovered on the top of a high tree, and which he could not resist making his prize, though the undertaking had been accompanied with much difficulty and some danger. The manner the natives get honeycombs from the highest trees, and the dexterity and agility they exhibit on such occasions, are well worthy of particular description, which I will give you at another opportunity. They are immoderately fond of it, and devour honey, comb, and bees altogether, (the latter not bearing a sting,) with an avidity which would not quite suit European refinement. I confess my taste cannot endure this wonderful, but to me peculiarly nasty insect preparation; however, I could not consent to mortify my com-

panion by refusing to partake of his sumptuous fare, and I endeavoured to do justice to the breakfast he had so diligently prepared. But I was most anxious to return home to learn tidings of Mrs. Pelham: our horses were now quite refreshed, and we very quickly found ourselves at home. To my inexpressible relief, my kind, my beloved friend was better. My first glance at her husband told me the joyful intelligence that she was out of danger, and that her extreme agony was now entirely removed. As I pressed his hand, my full heart refused words; but he did not want these, to tell him how deeply I felt and sympathized in his happiness." * * * *

Mrs. Pelham slowly recovered the effects of her brief though severe illness, and Alfred devoted much of his time in assisting Mr. Pelham to while away the hours of the languid invalid. Alfred thus writes on Mr. Dudley's return: "My father has just arrived and brought with him a large accession to our numbers: we have now *veritable* carpenters, masons, &c.; and the business of building is to proceed without delay. He has likewise engaged a respectable married

couple as our household servants. So 'Othello's occupation's gone;' and I who fancied myself one of the most useful creatures in existence, must now, I believe, degenerate into a fine gentleman. It is true I have been gradually sinking into this state of nothingness ever since I first made acquaintance with my little Mick: he has been my dairyman for some time, and turns the churn with inimitable perseverance, till I hear his triumphant shout of 'massa, massa, its tummin, its tummin!' although it is almost a fearful mystery to him, how his beating produces a solid, from a liquid matter. He is also my willing substitute in every dirty department which does not quite suit my fancy. I never, however, have ventured to devolve on him the duties of bread-making, as we cannot quite reconcile ourselves to having his little black paws buried in the flour we are to eat.

"In resigning all our household cares to our new domestic, my vanity, to own the truth, makes no sacrifice. Ere the scene closes on my inglorious toils, I must honestly confess, notwithstanding my former boastings, that I did not

particularly excel in this department. My bread too often partook more of the nature of lead than sponge; my needle exploits were oft times sad botches; my *broils* were invariably *burns;* and my other culinary preparations seldom turned out to be the thing I had intended to make. Certainly my forte does not lie that way; and I have no pretensions to be the perfect thing Dr. Kitchener so eloquently describes as indispensable to the making of a good cook, in the preface to that book which my mother gave us, and whose directions we were implicitly to follow in all our gastronomic attempts. My father's efforts were, however, always crowned with success; and I strongly suspect he will not be content to lay aside the exercise of his art, but that he will sometimes yield to my humble petitions, to gratify our palates with his superior concoctions, and at least always allow us to retain *soupe au père,* as a favourite dish at our feasts." * * * *

CHAPTER VII.

What are honour and glory? Who'll tell me, I pray,
That the phantoms we follow so blindly to-day,
Will continue in vogue till next month, or affirm
That their empire will last to so lengthened a term?
Then deride not poor Mick, who untutor'd could view,
Fame and honour in slaying the wild kangaroo.

In a very short time the stone was cut and the materials were collected which were to form the future habitation of the Dudleys. It was the favourite, cherished pursuit of both father and son, to give to the surrounding grounds as much the appearance of Dudley Park as they possibly could, consistently with the different foliage of the two countries. This, however, was their amusement, for which the business of their life was not neglected. Their wheat looked luxuriant, their sheep flourished, and every thing promised increasing prosperity. They were now

becoming extremely anxious that little Mary's health would soon enable the family to be reunited, as they felt they could offer a comfortable and happy home.

They had within themselves almost every thing necessary for their subsistence, and Mr. Dudley had the supreme satisfaction of feeling that he was raising an independence for his beloved family; and when he should have the much desired gratification of their society, he thought he should be as happy as in the days of his former prosperity. Many were the letters which he wrote to his wife, in which their darling son was the constant theme of his praise. We were strongly tempted to give some extracts from his letters, in the same manner that we have ventured to borrow from Alfred's correspondence; believing that they would, in exhibiting to our young readers the intense anxiety and overflowing tenderness which a parent feels for his child, deeply impress on their minds the imperious duty of requiting these, by endeavouring to realize, in their future character and conduct, all the wishes and hopes of those fond protectors of their infancy and

youth ; but some young critics whom we have consulted, emphatically pronounce letters to be "bores," which they always skip over, and assure us that a book full of letters, with "from the same to the same," and ending with your affectionate friend, or brother, or dutiful son, or daughter, with the name signed at full length, is invariably rejected even by the most inveterate reader, except as a soporific. And they further add, that Mr. Dudley's prosy letters would only serve to form that part of the work which is destined never to be read; for it appears by their testimony that there is no book, however interesting, in which there are not of necessity some "heavy parts," which are written and not expected to be read. Now, as we particularly wish that none of these dull spots may be found in our short narrative, we omit, though with regret, our intended insertion. We pretend not here to combat this strange prejudice: enough for us to bow to the oracular decision. We profess at present to be writing solely for the amusement of youth, and therefore will not scare them from us by touching on forbidden

ground. Be it then known to all our giddy readers, that we have not inserted one extract from Alfred's budget of letters without its previously being sanctioned by the approval of as volatile little beings as themselves. This is, indeed, a long digression; but instead of apologizing for it, we can only applaud our self-denial in so long abstaining from introducing ourselves to the notice of, and endeavouring to ingratiate ourselves with that, to us, most attractive part of the community, the rising generation; whose improvement and whose welfare ever occupy our most willing attention, and excite our warmest interest.

Let us return to our hero, who thus continues his narrative in a subsequent letter:

* * * * "I feel myself, comparatively, quite a leisure man at present; and I have time for study as well as amusement. I pay frequent visits to the friendly tribe, some of whom are constantly with us; and their cheerful assistance in all our labours, gives almost incredible celerity to our undertakings. My father is enticing them to fix their "gunyers" on some part of our grants, as their co-operation will always prove valuable;

while their inoffensive manners and kind-hearted dispositions attract us towards them greatly in preference to the convicts, with whom otherwise we should be obliged to be surrounded. I am now become quite a familiar as well as welcome guest among these natives: every one comes forward to greet me; and the little squaller with whom I first became acquainted, does not forget my sovereign remedy: I generally have her as a claimant for a fresh treat, pulling at my coat, and calling out 'bickit, bickit.' I always, of course, take care to provide myself with this welcome gift; besides which, I frequently pay a visit to the pedlar's aquatic shop for tobacco, of which all the natives are excessively fond: even little Mickie smokes his pipe, and thinks that a sufficient recompence for any service he may perform.

"At one of my visits, I was shocked at seeing a poor woman dreadfully beaten about the head. On inquiring of Mick the cause of her exhibiting such a spectacle, he informed me that she had displeased her husband, and so he had given her

the "waddy." When I expressed my indignation and disgust at this unmanly and cruel conduct, he coolly answered, 'black pellow albays do, massa;' and, in confirmation, pointed out the scared foreheads of most of the women. 'But, Mickie, it is very wrong,' I said; 'I hope you will never use your gin so.' 'Me nebber hab gin, massa: me tit by you albays, massa.' 'You will change your mind one of these days: you must marry, if it be only to set your brethren a good example of the manner in which they should treat their wives.' 'No, no; me nebber hab gin and pickaninny.' 'And what is the reason of so foolish a determination?' I asked. He looked archly at me and said, 'Pickaninny too much cry, massa.' He knew that I could not help agreeing with him in this last cogent reason; for certainly the pickaninnies do, *if possible*, outdo the European children in the constant use of their lungs, and the shrillness of their cry: they always exert their vocal powers as soon as I come near them, just as some English children send forth a terrified scream at the

sight of a black man; and I assure you, I do not feel at all flattered at thus being made the 'old bogie,' of the black pickaninnies. * * *

* * * "It is certainly very interesting to study the character of the natives, and to view them engaged in their most congenial pursuits. Mickie was constantly holding forth to me on the delights of kangaroo hunting; and his animated picture of the chase gave me the desire of witnessing it. Therefore, when he came, brimful with delight, to tell me he was going in the bush with some of his tribe, 'to kill kangaroo,' I proposed accompanying him, and felt, by his unbounded expressions of pleasure, that I should be a welcome guest. It was rather a difficult task to persuade my father to part with his pet boy for such an expedition; but even parental fears could not conjure up any danger attendant on the pursuit of these 'short-handed' gentry: so he, though not very cordially, consented that I, with my gun, should for one night 'nangry in the bush with black pellow.'

"At sun-rise, or 'when urokah jumped up,' as Mickie has it, we commenced our enterprise.

We walked some miles before there was any appearance of game. There were about a dozen natives, all armed with spears, and in a state of high excitation. My companions sought to keep down my impatience by constantly saying, 'us pind him presently, massa.' At length a herd of kangaroos did actually appear in sight, and we were off in various directions in pursuit, seeking to surround some of our prey and prevent their escape. Mickie and I kept together, and we had a long chase after one. Mickie begged me not to use my gun, as he wished to prove that he was a man to-day, and 'to catch kangaroo all by himself.' He was fired with ambition, and had set his heart on signalizing himself in this important expedition. I promised to be an idle though admiring beholder of his prowess; and after much creeping, dodging, and watching, the poor terrified creature, hemmed in at all sides, took to the water. Mickie, first darting at it his spear, plunged in after it, with reiterated entreaties that I would 'let him do it all by himself.' Now the fearful contest commenced: it seemed a trial of strength and dex-

terity. The creature caught hold of his assailant, hugged him close, and held him down with his head under water. Just as I was pointing my gun to end the contest, the little fellow contrived to free himself, and in his turn gain the mastery, while he called out to me, 'Don't tchoot, massa; me kill him all by myself.' But the contest was not so soon ended, and victory seemed to declare alternately for each. Mickie's strength appeared gradually lessening; and at length the kangaroo kept his head under water for so long a time, that I could no longer remain an inactive spectator: I levelled my gun, and shot it through the body. It was evidently mortally wounded; but yet little Mickie did not take advantage of this rescue, and floated, still fast locked in the embrace of his dying foe. I was alarmed, and instantly plunging into the water, with some difficulty disengaged him from the convulsive grasp of the kangaroo. As I dragged the almost insensible body to shore, I bitterly reproached myself for remaining so long a passive witness to this warfare. Mickie was evidently nearly suffocated, and I feared my tardy

assistance had been given too late. However, after a time, my endeavours to restore him to animation were successful: he gradually revived, and soon comprehended the whole scene. As he beheld the now lifeless kangaroo drifting towards us, he said reproachfully, 'Why for you not let me kill kangaroo all by myself, massa?' 'Because, instead of your killing him, he would have killed you, had I not come to your aid.' 'No, no, me soon make him boy: next time, me hold him head under water till him boy.' 'Why, I feared that he had already killed you.' 'Better be killed myself dan not kill kangaroo,' said he, with a self-abandonment worthy of a better cause.

"I had no idea that a single combat between an Australian savage and a kangaroo was governed by the same laws of honour which distinguish the rational code of the civilized duellist; and that it was incumbent upon me to stand by and witness the death of my companion, without affording him any assistance. I endeavoured to console Mickie in every possible manner for my unadvised interference, assuring him that I

had but finished what he had so well begun; that he should have all the merit he so well deserved; and that the prize was his own, to bestow on his companions. 'But ben they tay me, Mickie, you kill kangaroo? me tay, Bael Mickie kill kangaroo: Mickie pickaninny till, me b'leve.' And he walked sulkily forward, scarcely assisting me to drag the subject of his regrets. 'Come, come, Mickie,' said I, 'the next kangaroo we meet, you shall kill: do not grudge me this triumph. I thought your generous disposition would have been better pleased at the victory of your friend than at your own.' 'Me do murry tousand tings for massa; but bael you bant kill wool man: dat noting for you do.' 'See! see!' I exclaimed, 'here is another herd of kangaroos: take my gun, and kill one for yourself.' His face brightened as I spoke. He took my gun with delight, asking me to remain quiet, and not move for my life. I this time obeyed; and after showing much sagacity and dexterity, now creeping on his hands and knees, now lying flat on the ground, now concealing himself in a bush, he at length

managed to come within gun-shot of his game, without their appearing aware of his vicinity. He fired, and luckily for his pride, succeeded in shooting one. I now ventured to approach him, while he dragged his prize in triumph towards me. We had been such successful sportsmen that we could not convey our game without assistance; and Mickie went to seek some of his companions to fetch it, while I staid, that none else should attempt to rob us of our honours. He soon arrived with the requisite aid, and the kangaroos were quickly transported to the spot in which we intended to pass the night. Here a busy scene was preparing. The materials for a large fire were already collected, and the blacks were about to commence their cooking operations. Three more kangaroos had been caught by the other sportsmen; but their success had been so disproportionate to ours, that we were made quite the heroes of the feast; while I was, as usual, treated with great deference by all, and the most choice morsels were prepared for me previously to the grand repast. Mickie was as busy and as important as if he had indeed been the king

of the bush: burying his hands in the entrails of the animals, and tearing off the skin with all the delight and dexterity of a veteran hunter.

"I sat a little apart from the busy scene, as I confess it was not quite to my taste: all the disgusting details of a slaughter-house are not good provocatives to an appetite. Much to Mickie's mortification, I could not therefore do justice to the preparatory meal; but if I had possessed the devouring powers of a cormorant, I could not have swallowed all the dainty bits, taken from the head and those parts most quickly dressed, with which he endeavoured to tempt my palate; and to his 'Massa, just patter dis: massa, dat murry budgere," &c. I was obliged at length to acknowledge my inferior powers of gormandizing, and that I wished to retain some of my appetite for the real meal.

"Our dear mother, from my earliest childhood, so constantly and so forcibly impressed on my mind and heart the inhumanity of being cruel in sport, and of finding pleasure in the exercise of any pursuit which would cause pain to even the meanest creature that has life, that

both my taste and my principles revolt from scenes of blood. I could never understand what amusement a man of any refinement could feel in witnessing the writhing agonies of his feathered victims, or in following the chase in the unequal contest of one poor terrified creature against a concourse of biped and quadruped assailants.

"The banquet at length began: when it finished I will not add. I would willingly draw a veil over the excesses of my sable hero. I wish to paint him to you only in his most attractive points, and should be sorry to exhibit my little Mickie engaged in all the gross gluttony of a kangaroo feast."

CHAPTER VIII.

'Tis whisper'd that the better part
Of valour is to guard the heart
Unscathed and firm, to meet the fray
That threatens for a future day.

Mrs. Pelham had now quite recovered her usual tone of health, and was able to resume her customary occupations, often assisting in the little council held on the various improvements in contemplation. Her advice and opinion were in constant requisition, while her knowledge of drawing materially contributed to give form to Alfred's recollections of the first Dudley Park, in his endeavour to adapt the present to it, as much as circumstances would admit.

At this time Alfred was likewise very much interested in taking a trigonometrical survey of their grant, and laying down an accurate plan of the whole. His father took great delight in

seeing him thus employed in a manner so congenial to his taste, and was pleased to find that he could apply his mathematical knowledge as readily as at the period when he was deeply engaged in the study.

We gather from one of Alfred's letters that he succeeded in completing this survey. He writes—"I am glad of an opportunity for sending to you a plan of our grant, in which you will see correctly indicated how every part is appropriated, and I flatter myself it will render you quite familiar with all our comprehensive concerns. I likewise send, what will be much more interesting to you, two spirited sketches by Mr. and Mrs. Pelham. The one is a view of our dwelling and adjacent scenery—you will be pleased to observe, that the figures on the foreground are myself and my man; I busily taking angles for my survey, and Mickie standing open-mouthed, wondering 'what for massa play peep bo bid de trees, and look troo hole at dem ben him tee better bidout.' Mr. Pelham's drawing accurately delineates a 'corrobery' of the natives at one of our evening galas, given when some

work in which we have been engaged is completed. At these, like your *soirées*, dancing is the only entertainment, and *eau sucré* the only refreshment. The former, as practised here, the French would call *une grande bêtise*, as the men figure in it alone, leaving the women to act as musicians. You recollect we have together often wondered and laughed at the *eau sucré* drinking powers of some of the French mesdames, but certainly our native belles far surpass them in their consumption of this their favourite beverage, and you would be perfectly astonished if you were to see the quantity we prepare for our guests." * * * *

Here is another extract from Alfred's pen. "The other day, as I was taking my usual ride in the forest, I heard a voice in the air calling out 'massa, massa!' I looked up and round about, but could see nothing; still the voice pursued me, and I could not imagine what winged being was thus claiming my acquaintance. At length I discovered, to my no small surprise, the face of little Mickie peering through the top branches of a very high tree. I rode up to him, and then

first perceived a man at the foot of the tree, pointing a gun at Mickie, and threatening to shoot him if he did not immediately descend. The latter did not take any further notice of the menace of the other than by endeavouring to render the shot aimless, by swinging himself from one bough to another in perpetual motion, with all the agility of a monkey, while his saucy grin as he looked down upon the man, made his resemblance to that animal still more striking. 'What is the matter?' I exclaimed to the man; 'why do you seek to hurt the boy?' 'He is a little black rascal,' he gruffly replied, 'and if he do not come down I will shoot him.' 'Don't let him tchoot me, massa—don't let him tchoot me,' vociferated Mickie, still continuing his oscillations. 'What has he done,' said I, again addressing the man, 'that you should seek a fellow-creature's life?' 'Fellow-creature!' he scoffingly answered; 'that little twisting black thing my fellow-creature! If such vermin not only refuse to be useful but are mischievous likewise, they must be put out of the way.' I know not whether it were indignation or prudence which restrained

my tongue, and prevented me from telling him, how much superior in the scale of being was the kind-hearted Mickie to the brutal wretch before me; whichever it was, certain it is I contented myself with throwing an indignant glance at him, and calling to Mickie to come down, saying, 'I will protect you; he dare not shoot you, it is an idle threat.' 'You are a mighty protector, indeed,' said the man, surveying me with a most provoking sneer; 'and I suppose your friend blacky will in his turn protect you.' Now all in ire, I thundered forth: 'Fellow, I am not going to bandy words with you; at your peril injure the boy.' Poor Mickie had by this time, in trembling, obeyed my mandate, and stood at a little distance behind my horse, watching all the movements of the incensed man; the latter now strove to seize him, while Mickie dodged him round me with admirable agility, I assisting his manœuvring by caracoling my steed. I could not help being amused at this scene, but the rage of Mickie's assailant increased, and two other men were quickly approaching, whom he hailed as his companions; I therefore began to think that discretion

was the better part of valour, and perhaps if I remained to play a hero's part, the scene might close by the white protector being immolated at the shrine of his Quixotism; therefore I took my part, and as Mickie glided past me, I whispered, 'jump up behind;' the words were scarcely spoken, ere I felt his arms tightly encircling me; the man seized my bridle, this with a sudden jerk I disengaged from his grasp, and at the same time bestowing on him a well-applied cut with my whip, galloped off. We heard for some time the yells of the men pursuing us; we heard too the report of a gun, and a ball whizzed past us; but we soon distanced our pursuers, and at length arrived safely at home, I sadly puzzled whether to call my exploit a victory or a flight. When I reflect how triumphantly I carried off my prize, I believe the laurel should deck my brow; but when I picture myself turning my back on the enemy and flying with the speed of a winged arrow, my exultation is checked, and I whisper, what was this breathless haste, if it were not flight? As to my father, he has nothing of the old Spartan in him, and would rather rejoice over

my flight than weep over my grave. He was quite miserable at the idea of the danger I had run, and did not think me safe while the miscreant, as he called him, was at large. We learnt that this man belonged to a wood-cutting party, who were travelling up the country; and I, after much trouble, prevailed on my father to let him continue on his way unmolested. My whole nature revolts at being the means of inflicting stripes and degradation on a fellow-creature, while I believe our father suffered himself to be persuaded to clemency, partly from the idea that, by punishment, the man might become my more inveterate foe. Little Mickie, being of a very forgiving disposition, likewise interceded for the man: besides, I believe he would rather all the culprits in the universe should go unwhipped, than he should be obliged again to face his formidable adversary. The veracity of the historian therefore obliges me to acknowledge, that perhaps it was principally the latter consideration which induced his earnest and often repeated entreaty, 'bael top white pellow, massa.' My father, however, had an interview with the overseer of the gang to

which the man belongs, who promised to keep a watchful eye over him. They were proceeding some miles further up the country, and my father was assured we could have no possible annoyance from the man in future.

" So ends this adventure; but I must not omit informing you of the cause of the fellow's anger against Mickie, the particulars of which I obtained from the latter. It seems that the man overtook him and commanded him to carry his knapsack; as Mickie says, ' him call me murry bad names, massa, murry, murry bad; me no like carry him bag, and me tulky; me jarret dho, toe me carry it murry long time, massa, till me murry tired, me den tay, bael me carry corbon bag more.' The man was very angry at Mickie's contumacy, and he not only endeavoured to enforce obedience by blows, but strapped the knapsack to the boy, and drove him on like a beast of burden. Mickie at first moved slowly, and was urged by his inhuman driver, when suddenly he darted forward, and outstripped his pursuer; while at every step he took, some of the contents of the bag dropped on the ground, till, when quite empty, the knap-

sack itself fell, and Mickie gained the top of the tree, out of the reach of his enraged oppressor. Mickie had, with the knife which he always wore in his belt, dexterously made a large incision in the bag, and waited till he had scattered all the contents before he cut the bands and entirely freed himself from the incumbrance; 'And to,' as he concluded with infinite glee, 'giben white pellow murry corbon trouble to pick up, patter here, bacca dere, and all murry tousand tings eberybere.'"

CHAPTER IX.

The ancients honoured with a civic wreath
Him who should save a citizen from death;
But nobler his reward whose efforts save
A tender parent from the threatening grave.

More than a year was now elapsed since our settlers first pitched their tent, and the whole place had already assumed so habitable an appearance, that one could scarcely have believed that industry could have accomplished so much in so short a time. The elevation of the house was now nearly completed; a garden was planted round it; all the outbuildings requisite for an extensive farming establishment were already erected at a little distance from the dwelling-house, with a skreen of thriving trees to conceal them from view, as both Mr. Dudley and his son wished to give to the whole that *propreté* of appearance to which they had been accustomed,

and to study beauty as well as convenience in the arrangement. Success still smiled on their exertions, and every thing multiplied around them. The flocks of both Mr. Dudley and his neighbour had very much increased, and they saw that they must set bounds to their riches in this respect, unless they appropriated more ground to pasturage: but it was unwise to give up any arable land when there was so much around them that could only be advantageously devoted to grazing. Part of Mr. Pelham's grant, which he had not yet even seen, lay behind the range of blue mountains. Mr. Dudley thought, from the account he had heard of it, that it would make an excellent sheep-walk, and Mr. Pelham generously proposed that the joint stock of their sheep, which they could not accommodate at their home farms, should be placed there, under the care of an experienced shepherd; and he was anxious to have Mr. Dudley's opinion on the practicability of the plan. An excursion to the spot was proposed. This promised to be quite a party of pleasure, and Alfred petitioned that it might extend somewhat beyond the time and place which

were originally intended, as he was impatient to explore a little of that unseen world, towards which he had so often turned his eyes with wistful gaze. The only objection to this plan was leaving Mrs. Pelham for a few days without society. This she however overruled, and assured them that solitude had to her nothing forbidding. It was therefore arranged that they should take a circuit, and return home along the course of the river. Many of the natives volunteered to act as guides: of these a few were selected, in which number Mickie was of course included. Pack-horses, tents, and provisions were provided, and early one beautiful morning they gaily set forth on their journey.

Alfred was wild with delight, and he could scarcely rein in his impatience or his steed to the more sober feelings and pace of his companions. They toiled over much hilly country, and at the end of their first day's march encamped on the spot which they proposed to appropriate to their sheep; it appeared to have excellent pasturage, and to be in every respect eligible for the purpose. Late on the second day they resumed their

journey. The country continued to exhibit fine rich foliage, with beautiful and apparently luxuriant verdure, and they travelled on in uninterrupted enjoyment and gaiety. In the evening the tents were fixed in a most picturesque, romantic spot. The next day their road led them over much rugged ground, which by degrees became more precipitous and abrupt: their guides assured them this was the direct path, by pursuing which they would arrive at a place where there was an extensive cattle station, and two or three houses, dignified by the name of a village. The natives however forgot that horses were to follow their steps, and consequently led the travellers along paths where it was almost impossible for horses to obtain a footing. Mr. Pelham's quiet though trembling palfrey slowly but surely wound his way. Alfred's well-managed horse enabled him to bestow all his attention on his father, who seemed scarcely to retain any command over the terrified animal on which he sat. Alfred urged his father to exchange horses with him, but to this Mr. Dudley would not listen, and therefore all that was left to his anxious son

was to ride on before him, pointing out the best path, and encouraging the horse by his voice to go forward. The others had mostly preceded him, and had nearly overcome the danger. At length he reached the summit, and the only difficulty which now crossed his path was a narrow but deep chasm, which separated him from a beautiful piece of table land beyond, of sufficient extent for an encampment. Alfred soon vaulted over to this inviting end to all their toils; he dismounted, and while patting and calming his panting steed, anxiously watched his father's progress. This was certainly most perilous; on the one side of a narrow path was a most awful precipice; on the other, ground rising still higher in an abrupt acclivity, while the steepness of the path he was climbing seemed to render it doubtful at every step whether he would not fatally retrace his way. To the inexpressible relief of his son, Mr. Dudley soon arrived at the chasm in safety, but his horse refused to leap it. "Dismount, father! dismount!" shouted Alfred, as he saw his father imprudently urging the now ungovernable animal. The horse reared, over-





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balanced itself, and in an instant more it and its rider must inevitably have been dashed over the precipice; but Alfred, quick as lightning, leapt the chasm, and seized the bridle of his father's horse: for one moment they counterpoised, and it seemed doubtful whether the horse would not drag with him in his own sad fate the son as well as the father, but by a vigorous effort, Alfred brought the animal to the ground, and his rider succeeded in throwing himself off, and entirely extricating himself unhurt. When Alfred saw his father in safety, he relaxed his hold, and the horse, with the desperate plunge which freed him from restraint, lost his footing, and was precipated in the abyss below. Alfred lay stretched on the ground, and watched the poor creature with shuddering intenseness as it bounded from point to point, and fell a shapeless mass below. He had courage to risk his own life to save that of his father, but he had not courage to witness unmoved what might too probably have been the dreadful fate of that revered parent. He sickened at the sight, and fainted: his father, almost nerveless from agitation, extended by his side,

clinging for support to the stump of a tree, could scarcely sustain his inanimate form, and prevent it from slipping down the path they had just ascended; while, surrounded by declivities and precipices on every side, it was impossible to cross the chasm which separated them from their companions. Mr. Dudley, in despair, attempted to rise: fortunately, two of the natives had now recrossed the chasm, and lent their timely assistance in securing his tottering steps, supporting him and his son till some measure for passing over to the level ground could be devised. Although the abyss which divided them could be easily leapt by a man, it would have been madness to attempt it encumbered with Alfred's weight. A variety of plans were suggested, but no feasible one occurred to Mr. Pelham, that would not occasion great delay, while every moment seemed of consequence to the recovery of Alfred, who was lying insensible, exposed to the scorching rays of the sun; and his father, in frantic agony, sought to lift the precious burden, and himself clear the chasm, although his own staggering footsteps needed all the support of

the more self-possessed native who watched over his safety.

Mr. Pelham was in a state of most anxious perplexity, when little Mickie came running towards them and informed him he had discovered, at a short distance, the trunk of a tree, which appeared to have once formed a bridge over the chasm, as it lay close to it, and seemed every way fitted for the purpose. This prize was quickly dragged to the spot, and through its means the father of Mickie bore in his arms the still inanimate Alfred, while two other natives lifted Mr. Dudley between them, and conveyed him to the opposite side ere he had time for remonstrance or resistance.

The undivided attention of all could now be directed to Alfred. He was placed under the shade of a spreading tree, and Mr. Pelham was prompt in using every judicious means for his recovery; while his distracted father feared he should never again see animation return to the beautiful countenance of his darling child. At length Alfred's eyes unclosed, and he gradually

recovered to reason and recollection. His father hung over him with uncontrollable emotion, calling him his preserver, his guardian angel, while all crowded round him and testified their joy at his and his father's safety. His friend Mr. Pelham was scarcely less moved than his father, and held forth a hand to each, expressive of his heartfelt sympathy. Alfred extended his left hand to receive the friendly pressure; his right, alas! hung powerless by his side, and his father discovered, with grief and consternation, that this had been severely injured in his attempt to arrest the headlong course of his luckless horse. Mr. Pelham immediately endeavoured to ascertain the extent of the injury, and pronounced it to be a very severe sprain, which, however, would no doubt easily yield to the usual remedies; while Alfred endeavoured to reassure his father, by assuming a look of cheerfulness, and making light of his hurt. Mickie quickly discovered a tea-tree, some of the soft bark of which he brought to Mr. Pelham, to bind round the injured part,

this being esteemed by the natives a sovereign cure for every ill. During this time the pack-horses had arrived, and the tents were pitched. Alfred was soon comfortably established in one, with every thing about him which any of the party fancied might add to his ease, as all were anxious to show the interest they took in him by contributing something to his wants. He endeavoured to rally, in order to prove to his father that he was well; but turned with involuntary disgust from the offered food, while his flushed cheek and burning hand gave indications that fatigue and agitation had produced severe indisposition. He however affirmed that repose was all he required, and that a few hours' sleep would entirely restore him to health.

Mr. Dudley watched with anxiety his restless slumbers, from which he constantly awakened with a sudden start and a cry of horror, evincing that his father's recent danger, and the miserable fate of his horse, were always present to his disturbed imagination. Mr. Pelham, as well as

Mr. Dudley, dreaded lest returning day would find him too ill to be moved, and they anxiously revolved in their minds how best to act on this distressing occasion.

CHAPTER X.

Beside the restless couch to watch—
Each look to note, each accent catch—
Oh! who the anxious fears can tell
That in a parent's bosom dwell?

Contrary to the expectations of the anxious parent, Alfred seemed to rally the next morning, declaring himself quite equal to remount his horse, and resume the journey. The guides assured them that the descent on the other side was comparatively easy, and would soon be accomplished, when they would speedily arrive at the station already mentioned, where every accommodation might be obtained. Alfred was placed on horseback, and his father walked by his side, while Mickie led the horse. It soon, however, became evident to his father's watchful eye, that as they proceeded he gradually became more languid, and less able to keep his seat; his

father put his arm round and supported him, while poor Alfred in vain attempted to smile his thanks. At length, after some hours' slow and painful route, they reached the much-desired spot.

Here there was a small inn for the reception of travellers; but these were so unfrequent that the accommodations were wretchedly bad, though all that kindness and humanity could suggest was willingly offered.

Alfred was lifted off his horse and placed on a bed, while his father and his friend held a painful consultation on the best steps they should pursue. They felt it would be most hazardous to him to continue the journey in his present state, and at the same time it was highly necessary that proper medicines and further medical advice should be immediately obtained for the beloved invalid. They were informed that the distance overland to their home was fourteen miles: to perform this on horseback would have been impossible in Alfred's present state. There was a person at the inn who knew Mr. Dudley, having had many transactions with him and his

son as master of one of those small vessels already mentioned, and who felt interested in Mr. Dudley's distress. There seemed to be little doubt, from every symptom, that in a few hours the fever would increase to such a height as to render any removal highly dangerous. Mr. Dudley's agony to have his poor child borne safely to his own home could not be witnessed unmoved; and this person, most desirous of affording his assistance, offered to take them both on board his boat, in which he would immediately embark, and hoped before nightfall to land them at their own house. Mr. Dudley accepted this kind offer with grateful thanks, as the only possible way by which they could reach home without fatigue to his dear boy, who himself expressed a feverish anxiety to depart.

He was immediately conveyed on board the vessel, and placed in the small cabin, which was almost the constant dwelling of the master, and with all the comforts of which the latter was most desirous of accommodating him. The boat was soon moving; and as there was only one boy to assist the owner in its management, after see-

ing Alfred installed in his little apartment, he was about to leave it to attend to the progress of the vessel, when he spied something black lying behind the cot in which Alfred was placed. He went towards it, and drawing it forth, Mickie crouched, trembling before him: this poor boy having curled himself up in the smallest possible compass, in an obsure corner, endeavouring to conceal himself from observation. The man angrily exclaimed, "What little black dog have we here? I'll teach you to come skulking about my domains;" and seized him with the intention of throwing him overboard. Mr. Dudley was too much absorbed by the situation of his son to notice what was passing; but Alfred heard the plaintive appeal of "Massa! tear massa!" and he roused himself to murmur out, "Father, save him: it is our faithful Mickie." Mr. Dudley, in a few words, explained to the man who he was, and interceded in his behalf. The man, half reluctantly, allowed him to remain, but appeared not at all pleased with the intrusion. Mr. Dudley turned to Mickie and reproachfully asked him why he had thus stolen on board.

"Bael me leabe poor massa ben him tick: me tit by him albays: me run get ebery ting him bants." Alfred held out his hand to him in token of thanks, and the poor little fellow sobbed in irrepressible sorrow.

The boat moved quickly over the water; and even before Mr. Dudley's restless impatience expected it, he was sailing along the margin of his own domains. At the point nearest to their house he found, to his great surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham anxiously waiting to receive them. Mr. Pelham had been too much alarmed at the illness of his young friend to allow of his remaining at the station an instant after the departure of his companions. As soon, therefore, as he had seen them safely in the boat, he set off on horseback with one guide, leaving the rest of his people to follow him more leisurely. He had arrived at home in sufficient time to allow of him and Mrs. Pelham to prepare every thing they considered necessary for the immediate comfort and relief of Alfred; and they had already dispatched a messenger to Newcastle for the professional assistance of Mr. Roberts. Mr. Dudley

lifted his dear boy on shore, and refusing the assistance of every one in conveying him to the house, bore the object of his anxiety to his bed. Here every proper remedy was instantly administered; but the fever had increased with alarming rapidity, and although Mr. Pelham assured his friend every thing was being done that was required in such a case, yet his impatience was extreme for the presence of Mr. Roberts.

When this gentleman did at length arrive, he but confirmed the agonizing fears of the father. For many days Mr. Dudley and his friends watched over the couch of the invalid, now suffering under the excitation of delirium—now sunk into the insensibility of exhaustion. Poor little Mickie was broken-hearted: he established himself in the apartment, and nothing could induce him to quit it, unless it were to perform some message in which Alfred was concerned; and then, with the wings of devoted attachment, he flew to execute the mandate, or even the half-expressed wish of those about him. He was always the messenger chosen, as it was certain that he would perform every bidding with a celerity and intel-

ligence far beyond any of the other attendants.

At length Alfred's excellent constitution conquered the violence of the disease, and he was restored to his father and friends. Who shall presume to describe the intense feelings of gratitude and joy which filled the bosom of the father, when the crisis was past, and his child was pronounced out of danger! The outpourings of his heart in gratitude to his Maker for the precious blessing restored, showed all the desolating misery he had endured, and all the reviving happiness he now experienced. These communings are too sacred to be unveiled.

CHAPTER XI.

Returning health a charm bestows
On all around. The landscape glows
With livelier beauties, and delight
Paints each bright scene with hues more bright.

The debilitating effects of the fever for a long time hung upon Alfred, and his enfeebled limbs refused to support his languid frame. When at length increasing strength enabled him to move, his pale emaciated form and uncertain step almost reconciled his father to seeing his arm supported by a sling, in the reflection that this would preclude him from engaging in active employments till his strength should be sufficiently re-established. Mr. Dudley now resumed his accustomed avocations, which necessarily did not allow of his being Alfred's constant companion and attendant. It was therefore a great relief to him to leave his dear invalid in such society

as their inestimable friend Mrs. Pelham. She watched over his returning health with a mother's care, and was ever ready to walk with him, read to him, or by her sweet voice to enchant him with all his favourite songs. Above all, she was ever an untired listener to Alfred's much-loved theme—his mother and his sisters. She warmly sympathized in his constantly-repeated wish that they were already in Australia. She understood his feelings so well on this subject, and took so great an interest in all he said, that it became his greatest pleasure to converse with his kind friend about his beloved family. While she, in her turn, interested him deeply in all her own hopes and wishes. She spoke to him of her nephew and niece, Frederick and Emilia Egerton, the orphan children of a beloved and ever-lamented sister. They had now nearly finished their education, and had no eligible home secured to them in England. It had therefore been an inexpressible gratification to her to have the power of offering a comfortable home to these dear children of her adoption; and she trusted they would gladly come to her at the first opportunity

which was afforded them. Alfred was extremely pleased at this prospect of having companions of his own age, and was never weary of asking questions concerning them.

In those times when Alfred was alone, his books were a never-failing resource. He felt that literature and science, under every circumstance, have attractions; and that their cultivation is as necessary to the happiness of the solitary settler of Australia, as it is to the respectability of the independent gentleman of England.

When Alfred was sufficiently strong to take exercise, he mounted a quiet pony, while Mickie walked at its head, and was careful to regulate its paces to the strength of the rider.

The object of so much care and attention to all those around him, he could not fail at length to resume nearly his accustomed health; while he was more than ever convinced that the interchange of affection and kindly feelings is necessary to the happiness of man.

About this time, our settlers had the gratification of receiving letters from Europe, giving accounts of Mary's improved health, and of the

anxiety of them all to join their dear relatives. How fervently did these unite in the feeling, and how earnestly desire the presence of those beloved beings from whom they had been so long separated! Alfred therefore strongly urged his father to take advantage of the first ship, and proceed to Europe; and if he should be so happy as to find his dear little girl equal to the voyage, to return immediately with them. Mr. Dudley was indeed intensely anxious for the reunion of his family, yet he felt most reluctant to leave his son, who, he fancied, was not yet perfectly recovered from his recent illness; and to devolve on him for so many months all the responsibility of their present extensive concerns; for the continued prosperity of which, however, he felt that Alfred's presence was essentially required.

With the stature of a man, Alfred felt all the importance of one, and he playfully assured his father that he was quite as competent to take the management of himself as of the estate; and much as he should regret the absence of his friend and parent, he should be reconciled to it in the idea that their reunion would bring

with it such increase of happiness; while he promised his father that he should find on his return his funds increased, his stock multiplied, and his dwelling and its appurtenances assuming, with the name, entirely the appearance of Dudley Park. Mr. and Mrs. Pelham assisted with their persuasions, assuring their friend that Alfred should find parents in them. Mr. Dudley felt that the society of his dear and kind friends would compensate for his own to his son, who never need be solitary and dull with such a resource within his reach. Active preparations were therefore made for the departure of Mr. Dudley to Europe. Having learnt that in a month a ship would sail for Europe, he secured his passage in her; and he and Alfred now thought of nothing but this important event. He was glad to find that the health of the latter was fast improving, and that he should have the satisfaction of leaving him perfectly recovered. Alfred had now thrown aside his sling, and at every leisure moment was preparing a voluminous packet for his father to take to his mother and sisters. We will not tax the patience of our

readers by transcribing the whole, but cannot resist giving an extract.

* * * "How I look forward to your arrival! How impatiently I reckon over the many months which must intervene before it is possible this happy reunion can take place! All my thoughts will be occupied during my father's absence in surrounding our abode with every circumstance that can attract and please you; and I shall be disappointed if you do not immediately feel yourself at home in this sweet spot, and fancy that I am welcoming you to our own fondly-recollected Dudley Park.

"Here, as there, you will see the winding river on the left, somewhat broader and perhaps more beautiful than the meandering stream of our infantine scenes. Here, too, on the right, is the majestic grove, like that in which we have so often gambolled; the broad-spreading oaks, the elms, the limes, are here exchanged for the lofty gum, the tea, and other native trees, which are scarcely less beautiful in their foliage and appearance in summer, while they have the superior advantage of perpetual verdure. There is the

mossy lawn which first received our infant limbs—here, the broad high walk which was always our resource after rain; and here, my beloved sisters, in the retired nook beyond the lawn, is your own little summer-house, and your own favourite garden, in which you delighted to be busied; this favoured spot I have, assisted by Mickie and many of his companions, planted out, exactly on the plan of your former garden, 'similar but not identical,' having enlarged it according to your increase of years, and power of keeping it in order. Our little Caroline will now, no doubt, be an active fellow-labourer instead of a destroyer of our rising hopes. Do you remember, Emma, when she dug up our choice hyacinths and tulips, which we prized so much, how our anger was excited against the little rogue, and how we frightened her by its expression, when our father's grave rebuke arrested our passion, and his kindness consigned to her another plot of ground, prohibiting her intrusion on our boundaries? How I love to recall the scenes of our childhood, and how I long to be united to the dear companions of my early days!

"The culture of this garden is my favourite amusement, and as I contemplate its growing beauties, I almost fancy myself transported to our former home. Here in this arbour, over which the grapes will soon hang in clustering abundance, I love to fancy our dear mother seated at work, overlooking and directing our childish labours. Here are the apple and pear-trees growing luxuriantly, which our father assisted us to plant. The much-prized peach-tree which our Mary killed with kindness, here flourishes anew, with many others by its side. The cherry-tree is here indigenous to the soil, and fortunately there are several on this spot in full growth and bearing, but not towering with majestic height over the trees I have newly transplanted; for this native tree scarcely exceeds the height of the larger shrubs, and is quite unlike the tall cherry-tree which I have so often climbed to fill your baskets with its fruit. You must not expect, therefore, to find the cherries here like the delicious fleshy fruit bearing that name in England. These cherries are not bigger than large peas; but by way of compensation for size, we

are saved the inconvenience of encumbering our mouths with the stones, as nature has kindly placed these great annoyances to the European cherry-eating world outside the fruit, bearing an appearance exactly similar to its own, joining and forming with it twins.

" Here is our strawberry-bed—here the red raspberries, which although they look most fine and tempting, have not, I am sorry to say, the flavour which their appearance would indicate. All the fruits of our former garden flourish here abundantly, except the currant and gooseberry; and for the bushes bearing these fruits, which were ranged so neatly round the large bed of our fruit-garden, I have been obliged to substitute the fragrant orange and lemon-trees, which this climate nourishes to luxuriance, bringing its grateful fruit to perfection, while it refuses to bear the former more humble berries. With these exceptions, I have assembled in this spot almost all the choice fruits of the four quarters of the world, and they are daily improving in growth, to welcome the arrival of those for whom they have been planted and nurtured.

"In one small corner I have placed some plants of the gigantic lily, or *memny*, which, among all the luxuriance that surrounds it, has hitherto been the only edible vegetable known to the aborigines, with the exception indeed of the fern root, or *bungwall*, on which, however, they appear to feed only in times of sickness and sorrow.

"Your flower-garden you will find much more showy and more various than the one in England, but I fear it will be wanting in the delicious odour with which our mignionette and other sweet-smelling flowers perfumed our garden—the warmer climate giving to the sight increase of beauty, while it robs the smell and hearing of the gratifications they are wont to receive in a cooler region; so I cannot promise you to people our grove with the warblers of our former Dudley Park; but the birds which hop among its branches, will present to your eye an assemblage of beautiful plumage, and forms, which you would seek in vain among the sweet songsters of England. * * * *

* * * "Since my illness, Mickie has com-

pletely constituted himself my valet, fulfilling the office admirably, and with all the importance of a finished servant. The other day, as he was brushing my coat, he said, with a very grave face, that he had 'murry corbon pabor to ask massa.' And what do you think was this urgent request? To let his sister, a little girl of twelve years old, 'blong maty missies,' and do all for them that he did for me. I was charmed with the idea, and immediately thought of commencing her education for the important office. I spoke of giving her lessons myself in all the mysteries appertaining to a young lady's toilet, and proposed to practice her in curling up her own long tresses; but Mrs. Pelham has thrown a damp over all my endeavours to produce to you a finished lady's maid, by suggesting that it was most probable our mother's good sense would have induced her to teach you the use of your hands, even though you had been destined to mix in the society of fine ladies; you would certainly therefore not come to us helpless, and that it was more than likely your own taper fingers would curl up your beautiful hair rather more effectually and gracefully

than the clumsy though willing hand of our little Maunée. So I have in part given up my ambitious views in behalf of my valet's sister, though we—that is, Mickie and myself—shall take it much to heart if you do not promote this little aspirant to your patronage, to be your own maid even though the office should prove a sinecure."

* * * *

CHAPTER XII.

The joy that we wait for, at length when we gain,
Full oft disappoints us: but should we obtain
Some blessing unsought, then how sweet to our hearts
Are the thrills of delight which its coming imparts!

The time was now arrived for Mr. Dudley's departure to Sydney, to await the sailing of the ship which was to convey him to Europe. He could not deny himself the pleasure of having his boy with him to the last moment, and therefore they both proceeded to Sydney, Alfred intending to return home immediately after his father should have set sail.

The wind was adverse, and the vessel was detained much longer than was expected, to the no small annoyance of its future passenger, who ardently longed to flee on the wings of affection to his wife and daughters. This wind, however, enabled vessels bound from Europe to enter the

harbour: a ship came in sight, and soon arrived in port, having had a passage of only four months from England. Alfred was impatient to enquire tidings from Europe, and was the first at the Post-office, eagerly expecting the distribution of letters. His pleasure was indeed extreme to find a packet for his father and himself. He tore open the cover of his own letter, and read as follows: "My dearest brother, you will have heard from my mother's letter, that in about six weeks or two months from this date we shall indeed embark for Australia. What——" He read no more, he thrust the letters in his pocket, and rushed to the inn in which he had left his father. He looked towards the harbour to see if the ship which was about to sail was still there, as if it had been possible that his father was speeding in it away from him and happiness. He burst into the room in which his father was sitting, and exclaimed, with almost breathless delight, "They are coming, they are coming! you need not go;" and then jumped about the room acting a thousand extravagancies. His father at first gazed on him in alarm, and almost fancied a sudden fit

of delirium had seized him. To the often-repeated demand of "For heaven's sake, Alfred, tell me what is the matter!" no reply was obtained; till at length it being repeated in an almost angry tone, Alfred seemed to recollect himself, and answered by producing the letters. Mr. Dudley seized upon his, and when he had read the first few lines, the manner of his testifying his joy was scarcely less extravagant than his boy's; folding him to his bosom, he exclaimed at intervals, in broken accents, "My child, my child, heaven be thanked!—in a few weeks we shall be happy!—My beloved wife, my darling girls! shall we indeed meet so soon?"

Towards evening the wind changed, and the ship which was to have conveyed Mr. Dudley to Europe set sail. How did he and Alfred bless that adverse wind which had detained, and which had thus happily saved him from the misery of arriving in Europe to find that those for whom he had undertaken the tedious voyage were mourning his absence in Australia.

Mrs. Dudley's letter, containing these welcome tidings, was written soon after she had received

news of the successful issue of their first harvest of maize; this had been accompanied by the remittance of a large proportion of the profits which had rewarded their first exertions, sent by her considerate, anxious husband, that he might at least have the consolation of feeling that his beloved family were entirely free from the possibility of pecuniary difficulties.

The improving health of her dear girl induced Mrs. Dudley to cherish the flattering hope that in a genial climate she might overcome all the ills of her childhood, and grow up to be a strong and healthy woman. In every letter which Mrs. Dudley received from her husband and son, the salubrity of the climate of Australia was always dwelt upon in reference to this much-desired object, till she became quite a convert to their belief, that if once her little girl had overcome the fatigues of the voyage, she had the best chance of health in Australia; while the accounts and the proofs she had of the prosperous aspect of their undertaking, made her feel that the presence of herself and her girls would not retard their efforts, or add to the difficulties of their situation.

Her desire therefore to be reunited to her husband and son became so intense, that she constantly revolved in her mind how it could be accomplished. She found that by making a few sacrifices she had sufficient funds for the purpose, and the only consideration therefore was, whether Mary were sufficiently strong to undertake the voyage. Her medical adviser was of opinion that Mary might with perfect safety be conveyed so great a distance, if she should not suffer much from sickness, and he proposed that Mrs. Dudley should take her daughter a short sea excursion previously to deciding on the measure. His advice was immediately taken. The result of the experiment was so favourable, that she lost not a moment in writing to her husband her determination of joining him by the next opportunity; the period of which, as well as every other necessary particular, she learnt through the communication of a kind friend in England, who endeavoured to afford her every facility for executing her intention. He undertook to procure comfortable accommodations for her and her family in the vessel, and to meet her at Portsmouth,

whence she was to commence her voyage, that he might attend to all the details of her embarking, and see that she had every thing around her which could render the passage as pleasant and as little irksome as possible.

It was with extreme regret that her friends, with whom she had resided for more than a year and a half, contemplated their separation from her, without the probability of ever again meeting; while Mrs. Dudley would have rejoiced if she could have prevailed on them to have been companions of her emigration. Mrs. Grammont's age and increasing infirmities, however, rendered such an idea wholly chimerical, although she thought it was perhaps not an improbable hope that when Miss Grammont was bereft of her amiable parent, she might be induced to seek the consolations of friendship in the far distant country which their loved inmates were now about to make their home. Mrs. Dudley took leave of them with affectionate gratitude for all the kindness and all the love they had showered upon herself and her daughters, when she so much needed sympathy and support. She and her daughters

departed for Portsmouth accompanied by one faithful domestic, who in every reverse, and in every country, still clung with undeviating interest and fidelity to the fortunes of her beloved mistress and her children. The services of an attached servant are always highly desirable, but in Mrs. Dudley's unprotected situation, they were indeed most valuable.

Mrs. Dudley bid her husband have no fears or anxiety on her and their children's account, as she felt not the least apprehension in undertaking so long a voyage. She assured him the idea that it would reunite her to her husband and son, would nerve her mind against every difficulty or trial she might possibly have to encounter; yet she anticipated none, and suffered not her mind to dwell on the intervening period, but only looked on towards the bright moment when she should once again behold the dear objects of her fondest affections; while the little girls were wild with joy at the thoughts of this blessed meeting, and Mary assured her mother, that the voyage would be a remedy for every remaining ailment.

The ship which had brought this delightful

news to Mr. Dudley had had a remarkably quick passage, and therefore he could scarcely hope to see his wife and children before two months from this time. But two months! how short a period, compared to the dreary number which Alfred had before been obliged to satisfy himself in counting up, as the time which he supposed must of necessity intervene before he could possibly see his mother and sisters.

These few weeks seemed scarcely sufficient in which to make all the preparations necessary for the comfort of the dear beings who were now to share their home. Alfred was all bustle and haste; he longed for Mrs. Pelham's advice to direct them in obtaining suitable furniture and accommodations. He was tempted to purchase innumerable things which struck his fancy, and was every moment adding something more to his list of what *must* be procured. Mr. Dudley, somewhat more methodical and prudent than his impetuous son, restrained the eager wishes of the latter within more reasonable bounds, and Alfred, not wholly content with his father's opinion in these matters, dispatched a

long string of queries to be resolved by Mrs. Pelham, before they should decide the important question as to the quantity and nature of the furniture to be obtained. Alfred desired extremely to ornament his mother's sitting-room with a piano, which he contended was almost a necessary to his sisters. "*Utile* before *dulce*, my boy: this shall come in time; but let us provide your mother and sisters with every thing requisite for their own comfort before we procure for them wherewithal to exercise their powers of pleasing others. We must, I believe, for the first few months be content with the music of their dear voices; when we get again familiar with these, then we can turn our thoughts to obtaining other harmony."

Mrs. Pelham's answers convinced Alfred that his father's opinion had been more judicious than his own. She begged that the idea of obtaining a piano might be entirely abandoned; and she said this advice was wholly selfish on her part, as she had always looked forward with pleasure at having something attractive in her house, which would insure to her the con-

stant visits of his sweet sisters; and hoped she should be allowed by his mother to assist in the task of instructing them in this accomplishment.

All the furniture really required was soon collected together, and when Alfred saw the goodly assortment, he could not but acknowledge there was every thing *utile*, while even the *dulce* was not wholly neglected. Before, however, Alfred returned home, he took care to supply himself with a suit made by the *Nugee* of Sydney; and as he surveyed his tall, handsome figure in the glass, he could not resist the wish to set it off as much as possible; not that he had any personal vanity about him, but, as he laughingly said when his father rallied him on the subject, "I want my mother and sisters not to find us rough back-settlers almost as uncouth as our sable friends. I wish to show them that we have not forgotten the graces, and that we are gentlemen, although we are agriculturists: now though every inch of the gentleman no doubt peeps through even our fustian jackets, yet I would fain let them see that I know also how to dress

like one." "Well said, my boy! so we will return home as quickly as we can, and practise coroberries, that we may astonish them with our Australian accomplishments."

CHAPTER XIII.

A sail!—a sail!—from Albion's shore,
Her joyous course she steers:
What vision could delight us more?
For on her deck appears
That group to whom our souls are turning,
With eager wish and ceaseless yearning.

Arrived at home, our settlers occupied themselves in arranging every thing that could give beauty or convenience to their new Dudley Park, and all looked so smiling and so flourishing, that Alfred twenty times a day exclaimed, "Surely, surely, they will—they must be happy here."

Mickie danced and skipped about with delight, from pure sympathy at seeing young massa so happy; and as he arranged his master's wardrobe and surveyed the new blue coat with shining yellow buttons, his desire of partaking in the general adornment, of having some portion of finery fall to his share, became irresistibly strong.

When Alfred first dressed him in the duck trousers and jacket which he had assumed as the livery of his self-appointed servant, Mickie had been perfectly enchanted with this costume; but now his taste, corrupted by the yellow buttons, was no longer satisfied with the simplicity of his dress, and he ever turned his longing eyes on the glittering appendages of his master's new habit.

One evening as Mr. Dudley, Alfred, and their friends were walking and conversing together, Mickie appeared before them in so incongruous an attire that they scarcely recognized him. He wore an officer's old cast-off scarlet jacket, adorned with epaulets and bedizened with tarnished lace. This having belonged originally to a tall, stout man, hung loosely on its present wearer, the waist reaching down to his knees, and scarcely showing a pair of worn black silk trousers—trousers to him, but which had been intended to extend only as far as the knee of the beau for whom they were made. His neck was encircled by a large cotton kerchief, exhibiting various flaming colours. On his head was an old

cocked hat, which being too large for him, was constantly falling over his nose, and concealing his whole face in its ample crown. He had on a pair of shoes with immense buckles, such as our great grandfathers used to wear. These being articles of dress to which he was wholly unaccustomed, and moreover a great deal too large for him, he shuffled about, and could scarcely take a step without the fear of losing this part of his finery. An opossum-belt, with an ornamented sword-scabbard thrust through it, made up the sum of his dress. The spectators could not resist giving way to laughter at this strange disguise; and Alfred exclaimed, "Why Mickie, where did you get that masquerade habit?" Mickie, in no way disconcerted at their laughter, which he rather construed into a token of admiration, strutted before them as well as his shoes would allow him, saying, "Me mart now: me dressed pit por missies' tee. Dey tay Mickie pine pellow now, me b'leve." "Like master like man, Alfred," said Mr. Dudley, as they all indulged in bursts of uncontrollable mirth at the grotesque appearance and satisfied air of the

little man. "But where did you pick up your fine dress, Mickie?" "Ah! me dot it last: me tee massa murry pine new toat: me tee murry pine tings, but bael Mickie pine: so me tink, me tink how me det pine, and me det murry budgere tings last."

It appeared that Mickie had been constantly endeavouring to devise some plan by which he might gratify his wish for finery, without troubling Alfred on the subject. Accident brought about his desire. As he was rambling in the woods, he met the aquatic pedlar who had brought Alfred home at the time of his illness. This man had received a commission from a gentleman at Sydney, to procure him a variety of the beautiful birds of the country, for the purpose of stuffing them and taking them to Europe; and he expected to be liberally remunerated if he could execute this order. He found, however, that he could not manage this business himself: he had shot one or two, but had so injured their plumage in consequence, that they were wholly unfit for the purpose intended. When he saw little Mickie, he thought that he would prove a valu-

able auxiliary, and promised him a reward for every beautiful bird, of different species, which he should succeed in obtaining. Mickie was delighted at the office: he set snares for the poor little feathered creatures; and when the pedlar returned in a few days, his active agent had a large collection of beautiful birds to offer him. When Mickie explained to the man what he wanted in payment, the latter readily laid before him all that species of rubbish which he thought would best attract his notice, and which to himself was nearly valueless. Out of these, Mickie had made his selection, and appeared decked in them as we have already described.

There was some difficulty in explaining to the mortified Mickie that his dress was not exactly appropriate to his situation; and to console him for depriving him of his much prized finery, Mrs. Pelham undertook to remodel his former dress, and give to it all the fancy, if not the finery, which so dwelt on his imagination. When Alfred paraded him by a large mirror, in the fancy-dress of his own choice, and afterwards in the one designed for him, he soon became quite

reconciled to the change, and confessed that it was not only more convenient but more becoming, and that he looked a "murry pretty pellow."

It was now six weeks since they had first heard the intelligence of their approaching happiness; and Mr. Dudley's impatience would not allow him to remain any longer from Sydney, that he might watch for the expected arrival of those so dear to him, and secure for their accommodation a vessel in which they could be immediately conveyed to their home. Alfred saw his father depart, and sighed that he could not be his companion; but was too reasonable not to be aware how much more necessary it was that he should remain at home to prepare every thing for his mother's reception; and his own selfish gratification never weighed an atom in the scale.

It was, however, a weary time for him; and before his father could well nigh have reached Sydney, he was daily watching and expecting his return with those dear beings who were to be his companions. Mr. and Mrs. Pelham in vain tried to argue him out of his unreasonable expectations. His was not a case in which reason

could exert any influence: it was entirely under the control of feeling; and he watched on the side of the river for the coming of his parents and sisters, without seeking to inquire into the cold probabilities and chances which might delay their arrival.

He heard from his father, who told him that the vessel was not expected for another fortnight, and that it was probable even a month might intervene before it greeted their sight. He tried to be reasonable, and to repay the kind sympathy and warm interest with which Mr. and Mrs. Pelham entered into his feelings, by not wholly occupying himself with his own thoughts, and endeavoured to engage his attention, as formerly, in those subjects which were wont to interest them mutually.

One morning, on paying his daily visit to his friends, he found that Mr. Pelham was gone to Newcastle on business. When Mrs. Pelham and Alfred were taking their accustomed walk in the evening by the river, they saw a small boat with only two persons in it, coming towards the shore. Alfred turned from it without inte-

rest, knowing it could not contain the objects of his wishes. It however made towards them, and one of the persons landed. This proved to be Mr. Pelham, who, after greeting them, turned to Alfred, and said, "I have been to Newcastle to obtain a boat for you, in which you can daily go on the river and watch the approach of your parents. I must only stipulate, that you will not overstep certain boundaries which I shall indicate, and that you will not row yourself to Sydney, and then on towards Europe, in search of those you are expecting." Alfred was truly grateful for this considerate kindness, and the boat became his daily amusement. This acquisition gave Mickie another opportunity of showing his versatile talents, and he quickly acquired as much skill in the use of the oar as he already displayed in propelling the frail canoe with the spoon-shaped paddle of the natives. He was always an active assistant in the management of the little bark, and as his eagle eye unceasingly sought after the much-desired object of Alfred's wishes, one would have supposed that he too was anxiously expecting loved relations—so all

powerful was sympathy on this warm-hearted child of nature. Mr. and Mrs. Pelham often accompanied Alfred in his excursions; but as the time drew near at which they expected his family might arrive, they declined his invitation to be his companions, as they would not intrude their presence at this first interview. He and Mickie therefore now vigorously pulled the oars alone, and strained their eyes to catch the distant sail. At length it did indeed appear, and this time not to mock his hopes: it did indeed contain the treasures he had so long sought, and he at length embraced his mother and sisters. Such scenes as these cannot be described; but all of strong affections can fully understand and deeply sympathize in the happiness of our hero and his family.

It was almost dark when our party reached the shore, and they could not therefore see the beauties of the place: this, Alfred said, was a fortunate circumstance, as their first view of it would be when they were not too tired for admiration. But as his mother gazed on his animated countenance, she felt that she was not too tired for ad-

miration, and was glad that her prospect was confined for this night, at least, to that joy-inspiring view. As she and Mr. Dudley contemplated their united family, they felt that they were now perfectly happy, and could not control the overflowings of their hearts at finding themselves once again surrounded by all they loved. Alfred perceived the lapse of time in the increased height of his sisters, while they could not sufficiently express their admiration of their tall and handsome brother.

CHAPTER XIV.

How truly happiness has been declared
A twin-born Spirit: joy that is unshared,
Is scarcely joy; but all its bliss imparts
Soon as partaken by congenial hearts.

As soon as Emma and her sisters awoke the next morning, they ran to the window and were delighted with the enchanting view which presented itself. They quickly joined Alfred in the garden, and more than satisfied his expectations by their expressions of delight and admiration at every thing they saw. Their own beautiful garden was especially the object of their ecstacy, and they ran from spot to spot, pointing out to each other, with wild joy, every place similar to those which had been familiar to them in their infantine years. Alfred felt that he had indeed been successful in producing the desired resemblance; while the caresses they bestowed on him, and the

gratitude they expressed, more than repaid him for the time he had devoted to the task. His mother too was equally enchanted with all she saw—at the commodious dwelling which had been prepared for her reception, and the flourishing plantations which appeared to have been raised almost by magic around it; and as she pressed the hands of her husband and son to her bosom, she in a tone of deep emotion said, "In every new beauty which I discover, I read the gratifying conviction, that we were always present in your thoughts and in your hearts."

Alfred was impatient to introduce his mother and sisters to Mrs. Pelham, and soon engaged the latter in a visit to this lady. He was delighted to show to his friends those dear sisters of whom he had so often spoken, and whose appearance was even more attractive than when he had left them. Emma had grown extremely; and with a better formed and more graceful figure, she still retained that arch and playful manner which immediately won the attention of all who saw her. Mary was no longer a pale, delicate looking girl: her cheeks had now the

tinge of health, and the sweet expression of her countenance had acquired an animation which it before seemed to want. Caroline had not with the appearance, lost the graces of infantine loveliness, and had still the joyous look of happy childhood.

Mrs. Pelham was instantly attracted towards them, while they were all prepared to love her, for her kindness to their dear brother. Mrs. Dudley largely participated in this feeling, and Alfred soon had the pleasure of witnessing an intimacy fast ripening into friendship between his mother and that kind friend, who had so long acted a mother's part towards him.

Mickie was not without his share of notice; he soon became as much at his ease with the "pretty misses" as he was with Alfred; at the same time evincing towards them all the respect and deference which he entertained for his young "massa;" while he seemed to think it was his peculiar province to point out all the *lions* of the place. He amused them extremely by his originality, and by the manner in which he always identified himself with Alfred: "Massa and me

did dat for missies;" " massa and me take care missies;" " massa and me do tousand tings por missies." Caroline in particular was delighted at his broken English, and often engaged him in colloquy. He recounted to her many wonders of the bush, which she was in consequence most desirous of exploring. Alfred had not been unmindful of any thing which he thought would add to his mother and sisters' amusement as well as to their comfort. To promote the former, he had carefully trained two pretty ponies to carry his sisters safely; these were Mickie's peculiar care, and he took especial pride in their appearance. They proved a source of greater pleasure than Alfred had even anticipated, and a ride with him in the wild forest was considered by his sisters as one of their most favourite recreations. He therefore generally had one, and sometimes two of them as his companions in his rides, and even Caroline, though she could only number six years, thought herself old enough for these equestrian expeditions.

By the same vessel which had brought Mrs. Dudley and her daughters, Mrs. Pelham received

the welcome intelligence that her nephew and niece would arrive in the next ship, under the protection of a gentleman, who, with his family, were about to settle in Australia. Alfred was now called upon to sympathize in the hopes and fears of his friends, and although he had all his own wishes gratified, was not so engrossed with his own happiness, as to neglect giving to friendship every attention it required. He was desirous of going to Sydney himself to wait the expected arrival, but his friends were so anxious to greet their young relatives, that they determined to repair to that town themselves, and welcome them on their first landing in Australia.

Mr. Dudley's family had not joined him more than two months, before they received a further accession to their society by the addition of Frederick and Emilia Egerton, whom Alfred and his sisters were prepared to receive as friends, and who seemed fully disposed to meet them in all their kindly feelings. Frederick was a fine lad of sixteen, full of life and drollery. A frolic had to him such irresistible charms, that he did not much consider its consequences, and although he

would not willingly have hurt any one, yet in the pursuit of his darling "fun," he was perhaps not sufficiently particular in being careful that he involved no evil in its indulgence. Yet his good-humour and kindly feelings made him beloved by all who knew him, and those who were interested in him could see the promise of a character every way estimable and worthy. Emilia's character was, however, of a more exalted stamp. Endowed with abilities of the highest order, she joined to them the most unaffected humility—possessed of the most ardent feelings, she had already succeeded in bringing these under control. With a lively perception of all that is great and good, she spurned at every thing approaching to oppression or meanness; sensitively alive to the feelings of others, self was entirely disregarded, while the brilliancy and originality of her character, were relieved by its frankness and simplicity.

These young people could not fail of adding much to the pleasure of the Dudleys, and Alfred felt that with this accession to their society, his happiness was complete.

Frederick had left many juvenile companions in England, to whom he had promised to be a punctual correspondent: we will give an extract from his first letter, as the best means of introducing him to notice.

* * * "I am much happier here than I expected. I have plenty of fun, and nothing of the disagreeableness and inconveniences I anticipated. Instead of finding myself in a wild country, living as wild as the natives, creeping in a log hut, too low for an upright position, with the grass for my seat, my knees for my table, and a piece of raw kangaroo flesh for my food, here we are in a pretty cottage, beautifully situated, with all the conveniences, and many of the luxuries of life about us. My romantic sister Emmy I do verily believe is half disappointed at finding she has no sacrifices to make, while her more common-place brother heartily rejoices at thus finding himself so unexpectedly at once popped into clover, and takes, with grateful satisfaction, the goods his dear kind uncle and aunt have so amply provided for him. We certainly have all those luxuries on which I place any

value: horses, boats, and above all, some of the most delightful neighbours in the world. That Alfred, about whom my uncle and aunt used to fill their letters, whom you know I had predetermined to dislike, and moreover to quiz unmercifully, is indeed 'a pattern fellow,' but not that pedantic prig which *we* understand by that term. Dislike him! Had I made a thousand vows to that effect, they would all have dissolved in thin air when I first saw his bright smile, and when, as he cordially shook my hand, he welcomed me home, and hoped we should be brothers. Quiz him! Not I, nor all the choicest fellows of our school could do that; he has a greater talent for quizzing than any one I ever knew. In this he has 'a giant's strength,' though he rarely 'uses it as a giant.' He is the very prince of fun; but he seems to have an innate feeling where fun ends and mischief begins—there he makes a dead halt. He puts me in mind of the mules traversing the Andes; these, as some traveller relates, go up what appear the most perilous passes fearlessly, but when they come to the real danger, refuse to proceed, and even though urged by

their riders, continue immovable. I own I am sometimes very provoked at these sudden halts in the very heart of a frolic, and feel very much inclined, with the mule-rider, to use the whip and the spur. Persuasions and threats are all to no purpose; he bears every thing I say with the most perfect good-humour, and only laughingly remarks, 'the mule is wiser than his rider Fred.' To tell the truth, he is always right on these occasions, while I, for my part, can never discover this line of demarcation, and find myself floundering in the very midst of mischief, before I am aware of having passed the boundary. Then I turn penitent, and make most excellent resolutions of being more measured in my mirth, keeping these resolves most faithfully, till the next opportunity is afforded for breaking them.

"I am already excellent friends with the *natives* (Alfred will not let me call them *savages;*) a tribe of these have comfortably settled down on Mr. Dudley's estate, and are as busy as bees about the place. There is one little Mickie among them, who is Alfred's factotum,—valet, groom, boatman, &c. &c.; if I were to enumerate

all his various offices I should fill this paper, and it would be a longer list of places than was ever tacked to the name of any placeman in the red book. This pluralist is indeed quite a jewel of originality, and I find in him a never-failing fund of amusement. I am at present finishing my classical education by studying the native language, of which I mean to compile a copious dictionary, and will certainly furnish you with a copy so soon as it shall be completed; till then, I fear our Mickie's conversation will be *caviare* to you.

CHAPTER XV.

To place an old head on young shoulders, I fear,
Must always a hopeless achievement appear.

The two families spent most of their leisure hours together, their amusements were never separate, and even the volatile Frederick felt not the want of other society in this pleasing intercourse. Every thing that could facilitate the frequency of their meeting had been studied. A broad road united the two houses, and a low pony-carriage, in which certainly use more than ornament had been considered, had been procured from Sydney, for the accommodation of the elder ladies, that even in the rainy season they might meet as usual.

The boat was, in fine weather, a never-failing source of enjoyment, and Alfred and Frederick, accompanied by Mickie, used to make many

aquatic excursions; but Mr. Dudley would not allow them to embark the precious female cargo without his or Mr. Pelham's protecting presence, although not only Alfred but Frederick protested they would be steady as old Time, if they were entrusted with the charge.

In one of their expeditions they had put into a most beautiful cove; the scenery around was so romantic, that they longed to explore it, and when they returned home, were so loud in its praises, that the little girls petitioned their father to make a party to visit this delightful spot. Mr. Dudley consented, and one beautiful morning he and all the young people set off in high spirits, attended by Mickie with a large basket, containing, as he said, "murry plenty patter." The sky was cloudless, and the water without a ripple. The girls were highly delighted at showing what excellent rowers they were become, and as they plied their light oars, their voices were raised in joyous harmony. After three short hours, much sooner than they wished, they arrived at the spot where they were to disembark. The whole party bestowed on it as

much admiration as its discoverers required, and after rambling about some time they were no less pleased to sit down to the cold collation which had been so amply provided, while Frederick's drollery gave still greater zest to the repast. He was wild with spirits, and though he certainly loved his sister better than any thing else in the world, and was likewise already become extremely fond of all her young companions; yet it was not exactly to his taste to be dancing attendance on them for so many hours, especially when he saw, beyond the extent of their rambles, such tempting paths, which he longed to explore. So leaving them under the care of their father and brother, and promising to return at the time appointed for their departure, he darted off up the hills with Mickie as his guide.

He pursued his way with much merriment, till Mickie coming close up to him said, "Black pellow tit down here, massa." The pleasure of falling in with these was too great a temptation for Frederick to resist; so they pushed on, and soon found themselves in the midst of a

party of natives. These recognized Mickie as a friend, and warmly welcomed him and his companion, inviting them to "patter" oysters, of which there appeared to be an abundant supply. All hands were stretched out to Frederick with opened oysters ready prepared for him to eat; and although he played no despicable part, he could not keep pace with all the hospitable profusion which was forced upon him. He was now in full enjoyment, and sat among the natives talking and singing, and taking no note of time. Mickie appeared equally delighted, but had more discretion than his companion. He was constantly reminding Frederick that it was time to depart, with, "Massa, time maru;" "massa, it go blow and rain murry bad;" "clouds toon tum hide urokah, bael budgere be on ribber den, wid maty missies and all." Frederick looked up, saw a cloudless sky, and laughed at the ill-omened prophet. Again and again Mickie urged the necessity of immediate departure, but Frederick was singing in full chorus with the natives, and either did not hear or disregarded the admonition of his more

thoughtful companion. At length, in despair, Mickie took the resolution of going back himself at least, as he could not induce Frederick; so leaving him under the especial care of one of the natives, who promised not to leave him, Mickie flew along the path which led to the spot they had quitted.

In the mean time Mr. Dudley and Alfred were becoming very uneasy at the protracted absence of the runaway. They, as well as the sagacious Mickie, were aware of some indications of an approaching storm, and they were most anxious to land their party in safety before its commencement. Alfred proposed embarking without them, leaving his handkerchief waving as a flag, with written instructions appended to it, informing them of the departure of the party, and recommending them to pursue their homeward way overland, he promising to set out to meet them with horses and torches immediately on his return home. But Mr. Dudley could not reconcile it to himself to abandon their young friend: besides which, he feared that himself and Alfred would not be sufficient for

the management of the boat. The only alternative was, therefore, for Alfred to go in pursuit of the truants. After some time spent in vain search, he fortunately met Mickie just as he had left Frederick, to whom they both immediately returned. Alfred's serious look as he accosted Frederick, and the exclamation of, "My dear Frederick, you are an hour beyond your time, and we fear an approaching tempest," caused him immediately to recollect himself, and to scamper over the hills with all the speed of his companions. As he ran he felt the breeze come fresher on his face: he could now too discover some flying clouds, and feared that Mickie might indeed have been a true augurer. When he reached the boat, he turned from his sister's reproving glance, but he felt a little ashamed at Mr. Dudley's mild though grave inquiry as to the cause of his delay. His only answer was jumping in the boat, assuming the duties of the oar, and endeavouring by the exertion of all his strength, to make up for his culpable thoughtlessness. They strained every nerve, but could scarcely make any way against the cur-

rent and the wind, which increased in violence. It would have been a relief to poor Frederick to have been made the object of anger and reproach; but not an unkind word was uttered, and this forbearance made him doubly lament his inconsiderate folly. The little girls sat quite quiet, while Emilia wrapped her own cloak round Mary, and taking Caroline in her arms, endeavoured to shield her from the pelting storm. The rowers were all nearly exhausted, and it became almost evident, from the little progress they made, that they could not reach home by water, and that there was even danger in continuing their unavailing efforts. Mr. Dudley knew they were now close to a sandbank, towards which they were impetuously driving, and felt there was not the slightest chance of avoiding it except by immediately turning into land. He therefore called out in a stentorian voice: "Make to the shore, we must lose no time." The rest of the rowers assisted him in his strenuous endeavours to reach land; but their efforts were vain, they lost all command of the boat, it drifted, and stuck fast on the

object they wished to avoid. There was a pause, and a look of consternation. They endeavoured with renewed but unsuccessful exertion to extricate themselves, while the boat was fast filling with water; even Mr. Dudley seemed for a moment bewildered. Mickie jumped out of the boat into the water, which just at this part was, to the surprise and relief of the rest of the party, only breast high to him; he seized little Caroline in his arms, crying, "pollow me!" Mr. Dudley was at first terrified for the safety of his child, but the next moment he saw Mickie manfully stemming the current with his burden. Mr. Dudley called out, "Boys, let us follow his example; it is our only chance for safety." Frederick would have taken Mary in his arms, as, being the lightest of his companions, he might have more certainty of success in his attempts to save her, but Emilia put her in those of Alfred, saying, "Frederick, you must assist me, we will buffet the torrent together; these dear girls require a stronger arm than yours to bear them in safety." Mr. Dudley and Alfred felt that time was too precious to be wasted in

debate, and as soon as they had deposited Emma and Mary on land, they rushed again into the water, to assist Emilia's tottering steps. Frederick's arm was round her, and he strove to support her, but they had not strength sufficient to bear against the driving wind and current: they both appeared to be almost exhausted, and their safety required the timely assistance of Mr. Dudley and Alfred.

Frederick's expressions of joy were somewhat extravagant at the rest having escaped this imminent danger; as to himself, he said he deserved drowning for having been the cause of bringing them into such a situation. But much difficulty was yet to be encountered; the exertions of the rowers had been so excessive, that they could scarcely drag their own weary limbs, and could but ill assist four young females over a rugged path of some miles' extent during a raging tempest. Nothing could be done, however, but to proceed on foot towards home. Mr. Dudley took his little Mary in his arms, although she persisted that she was quite equal to walk. Alfred carried Caroline; and to Frederick's offers of

assistance the two elder girls assured him they were more capable of affording him support. They thus proceeded but slowly, while darkness nearly enveloped them, and they were continually stumbling over the broken way; the rain and the wind, added to the roughness of road, rendering their journey most dreary. Mickie had, unbidden, run forward with untired zeal, in the hope of obtaining horses to convey them part of the way. He had not, however, got a very great distance before them 'ere he was met by Mr. Pelham with attendants, carrying torches and leading horses. This gentleman was much relieved at hearing of the safety of the party; his uneasiness had led him to pursue the course of the river, with means for assisting their return home, if they had, as he hoped they would, put into land. Thus accommodated, the party soon reached home, though in a very woful guise, and were greeted with delighted eagerness by their friends, who were in a state of the most painful alarm at their protracted absence in such tempestuous weather.

In recounting their perilous adventure, it was

only Frederick who told, that his selfish giddiness had been the cause of it, and while he bitterly reproached himself, he made many protestations of future reformation.

CHAPTER XVI.

The always wise are often dull:
Then while youth lasts, O let us cull
The smiling flowers of harmless fun;—
But injuries and mischief shun.

ALTHOUGH the young people had much time for relaxation, intellectual pursuits were not neglected, as we may collect from one of Frederick's letters to his friend.

* * * "Now do not think that I am forgetting all the scholastic lore which the good Doctor so perseveringly poured into my giddy cranium. Alfred and I often, I assure you, drink of the Pierian spring, but I cannot help feeling a little mortified to find that he has drunk much more deeply from it than I have, although one would have thought that his occupations for the last two years would have caused him almost to have forgotten its taste; while I, during that time,

have been driven to the fount, and forced to take large draughts. The truth is, I believe, that he has eagerly sought it through pleasant ways, while I have been led to it over a rugged path and became disgusted ere I tasted. But no more of this, or you will vote me dull and prosy. Now to some racy anecdotes of our little Mickie, with which Alfred has amused me. * * * *

* * * * "I hope now you feel yourself completely at home with him, and are fully prepared to enter into any joke about him which I may think proper to relate.

"A few days ago, Alfred and I engaged to take a long ride in the unfrequented part of the 'bush;' and I amused myself extremely at Mickie's expence, who came forth armed with a tomahawk in his belt. I rallied our sable chief on his formidable appearance; but Alfred assured me this weapon was quite necessary in an excursion in the 'bush,' where the vines of the climbing plants grow so strong and thick, that they would prove an effectual barrier to our progress, unless removed; that sometimes both horse and

rider find themselves entangled in their tendrils; and in either case the tomahawk was necessary. 'Tides (besides) me bant get honey, and me bant tomahawk to climb de trees,' observed Mickie very gravely. This appeared to me an excellent joke, and I engaged to climb any tree as well as Mickie and his tomahawk, exclaiming, 'What possible use can this weapon be in climbing? Oh, my boy, that murry great gammon, I b'leve.' He answered by bidding me be careful, and look out my path, lest I and my horse should require the assistance of his tomahawk. I continued bantering him till at length he espied a honeycomb at the top of a very high tree, without any lower branches. He instantly was off his pony, working away with his tomahawk, the use of which I quickly discovered. He made in the trunk, as high as he could reach, a small hole, of only sufficient dimensions to admit his great toe, or, (as I have heard an exquisite term it,) the thumb of his foot. He then, resting on that, made another hole, as high as he could reach, and so on, with great dexterity and celerity forming a steep staircase for the ac-



commodation of only the above-mentioned member. He in this manner, with surprising agility, attained a great height; and I confess, very greatly surpassed me in my gymnastic powers. I sat on my horse, looking at him in silent wonder, still marvelling how he would get at the honeycomb, which was at the extremity of a bough far too slender to bear his weight; and otherwise his prize was still beyond his reach. An end was, however, soon put to my speculations: down came bough and all, at once severed from the tree by one stroke of the dextrous Mickie. The bees now came swarming out of their broken habitation, much to the annoyance of myself and horse, neither of us being entomologists enough to know that the inhabitants of this favoured country can obtain the sweets without dread of the sting. My horse frisked and pranced, and made a bolt, to which I urged him, that we might get free from what I supposed the unpleasant vicinity of our humming assailants. We plunged into the thickness of the forest, and soon found ourselves impeded and entangled in those vines, against which Mickie

had before warned me. In vain we exerted every effort to extricate ourselves: there we were, stuck fast, with our enemies, the bees, at our heels; come, as I thought, expressly to sting us at their discretion. They settled upon us here and there and every where, yea on my very face; yet we felt no smart, and concluded them to be the politest insects with which we had ever made acquaintance. Alfred and Mickie, laughing, soon came to my assistance; the latter assuring me that with his tomahawk he would quickly cut away the bonds which enthralled me. He set vigorously to work, beginning at the lower end, and thus first freeing my companion in captivity. I had let go the reins, and supporting myself on the festoons which hung from one tree to another, held up my legs as far apart as I could, to escape the active blows of the tomahawk. While in this position, my horse, by another struggle of his own, and another well-directed stroke from Mickie, which severed his remaining fetters, found himself free, and chose, without asking my permission, to spring from his confinement, thus not only freeing himself from

his leafy bonds, but from his rider; leaving me midway in air, struggling for freedom, looking like Cupid caught in verdant wreaths. Mickie could not resist pausing in his labours, to enjoy the sight, and to indulge in an explosion of laughter. 'Tomahawk no use now, massa? Better Mickie trow him abay: all gammon bring him in bush, pose now.' 'No, no, my valiant chief: set me at liberty, and I will elect you knight of the tomahawk, and invest you with a red mantle, embroidered all over with glittering golden emblems of your order.' I do not suppose he quite understood the nature of the promised honours; but after indulging in one more burst of merriment, in which he was heartily joined by Alfred, he, with one well-directed blow, gave me my freedom. And he has often since amused the girls with a description of 'Massa Pred' in the bush.

"I must confess, it is one of my greatest amusements to play off some practical jokes on this good-humoured fellow. He, however, takes them all in very good part; but he very often retaliates, and turns the joke on his tormentor.

"After much teazing him on the subject, I at length obtained a sight of the dress which he had procured from the pedlar. I pretended to be in ecstasies with it, and assured him I wished very much to adorn myself with the tasteful costume. He observed, 'May be, Massa Pred bear it one time or oder.' I ran off with my prize; and then, with much difficulty, put some of the finery on the tame kangaroo which goes about the premises as harmless as a dog. I then paraded the animal up and down the garden, and brought a challenge from Mr. Woolman to Mr. Mickie, I professing to act as second to the former, at the same time faithfully promising to let my principal hug his opponent to death, without attempting to interfere. Mickie was a little disconcerted, but bore it very well, merely saying, 'Me pay you off one day, me b'leve.'

"A few days after, Alfred and I went to bathe in a retired creek of the river; Mickie, as usual, our attendant. When I had finished bathing, and was about to dress myself, I discovered that all my outward garments had been removed, and were replaced by those in which I had lately

dressed my friend Woolman; while Alfred and Mickie had disappeared, though I had no doubt the rogues were concealed in the bush, enjoying my dilemma. I called to them in every imaginable tone; by turns threatening, bribing, coaxing, entreating: 'My clothes! my clothes! bring me my clothes!' I repeated, in every intonation of voice, in vain. No one appeared. I took the garments up, and debated whether I could really consent to invest my limbs with the cast-off clothes of Messrs. Woolman and Mickie, and perhaps about a dozen other equally inviting predecessors. I apostrophized each article of dress as I spread it to my sight, and at each time I raised my voice to my inexorable companions. At length I became convinced that they were determined to prosecute the joke *au dernier pâs;* although I could not forbear wondering that Alfred's mule had not discovered that it was mischief to oblige me to clothe my august personage in so unworthy and unsightly a guise. I saw there was no alternative; so I popped into them, shoes and all—all except the hat, which I could not consent to place on my head, but put it

under my arm; and carrying myself with a fine military air, I boldly marched towards the house. As I anticipated, they were all assembled in the garden to meet me. The ecstasies of the little girls, and Mickie's peals of laughter, encouraged me to carry off the joke *con amore;* and I deported myself with so much propriety, that I suspect Mickie surveyed his dress with no small complacency, and more than half relapsed into his former admiration for it. Being a great deal taller and somewhat stouter than he, certain it is the dress was rather more becoming to me than it must have been to him; and 'without vanity' be it spoken, I could not help agreeing in his often-repeated opinion, that 'Massa Pred look murry, murry pretty pellow.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

If worldly wealth and honours bring
Such misery upon their wing,
My heart rejects the splendid lure,
And chooses rather to be poor.

Time passed on, and Mr. Dudley's persevering industry and superior knowledge continued to be rewarded by success. He had the supreme satisfaction of feeling that his family were now not only independent, but even in the enjoyment of all the comforts of affluence. Mr. Pelham had been no less fortunate in his undertakings; and the two families continued their happy intercourse, "the world forgetting by the world forgot:" the young people, as they grew up, fulfilling all the promise of their early years.

Alfred was now rather more than twenty, and as a man, retained all those warm feelings which had endeared him to us as a boy. The

families rarely received letters from Europe. All intercourse between Mrs. Dudley and her brother had ceased, since, in defiance of his commands, Alfred had accompanied his father to Australia. Sir Alfred Melcombe had at that time written to assure them that although his nephew might possibly disgrace his title as an Australian settler, his wealth should certainly never accompany this, to make the vulgarity and deficiency of his heir more conspicuous. Alfred bore this with great philosophy; and his mother had almost forgotten she had a brother who acted so little a brother's part. After so long a period of total neglect and silence on the part of this wealthy relative, it was a natural conclusion that he had entirely cast off one who had acted so contrary to his expressed wishes, and who since committing that act of disobedience had not made the smallest effort to conciliate or propitiate the favour of his imperious uncle. The contents of a letter received at this time from a solicitor in London therefore excited no small surprise in the Dudley family. This not only announced the death of Sir Alfred Melcombe,

but at the same time contained the unexpected information, that his repugnance to leave his property apart from his title had overcome all resentment towards Alfred, inducing him when dying to relent and make a will in his nephew's favour, leaving the whole of his property to the heir to his title.

Alfred's consternation at receiving this intelligence was extreme, and it might have been thought that he had received news of the loss of a fortune instead of the accession of so princely a one. All feared that this might be the cause of a separation, and it was therefore as much grief to his neighbours and friends as it was to his sisters; and while they congratulated him on his brilliant prospects, a tear came, unbidden, at the idea of his leaving them; while even Frederick's spirits were checked at the melancholy reflection. As for Mickie, he could not for a long time understand the cause of this distress. He in vain enquired, "What for ebery body cry? Missie Emmy cry in de tummer-house, all alone by herself; all oder missies cry togeder; ebery body look tad: eben Massa Pred look murry

torry." One told him that Alfred had become a great man, but he could not feel why that should be cause for sorrow; besides which, he believed his beloved "massa" already superior to any body else, and could not conceive how he could become more "corbon" than he was. Another informed Mickie, in answer to his importunate enquiries, that Alfred had become possessed of great riches; and the untaught native thought what a very bad thing riches must be to create so much misery. Till at length it was said that perhaps his dear young massa would leave them all, and never, never come back. Then, indeed, he felt the full force of the calamity, and, broken-hearted, deplored that so great a misfortune as the accession of wealth should have come to destroy the felicity of so many; and how did he wish that he could have shielded his adored master from this overwhelming affliction.

Alfred himself was confused and bewildered: he scarcely knew what sacrifices duty would require him to make, and could not speak on the subject with calmness. He retired early, and

as he pressed his father's hand, he said, "Let us speak on this matter to-morrow, and alone, my father."

When they met in the morning, Alfred made known his intention to yield to the wishes of his parent in his choice of a country. "My dearest father," he said, "point out the conduct you wish me to pursue." "There is but one way," replied his father: "you must return to England, and fulfil the duties which your wealth and station require." "And why so?" said Alfred, dejectedly: "why should the mere accident of having wealth oblige me to sacrifice my happiness? I cannot, I will not separate my interest from yours. If you and my mother wish to return to England, there will be a splendid establishment awaiting your reception, and a son ever alive, as now, to minister to your happiness. But if you desire to remain here, in the little paradise you have made to yourselves, here also will I reside. Here will I raise my altar; here will I distribute my undesired wealth; and here my field of action may be as wide, while my power of doing good may be

more certain, than in an old and over-populated country. Consider it well, and consult my mother; but recollect, whatever you may decide, it is my unalterable determination that your country shall be my country."

Many were the consultations which were held. Alfred's parents could not bear the idea of relinquishing all their former favourite wishes, that their son should shine among his countrymen. They felt that they had no right selfishly to withhold him from that sphere in which his talents, under such favourable circumstances, so well fitted him to shine; yet it was repugnant to them to quit their second happy home, to which they had become as much attached as to their former one, again to mingle in the bustle and parade attendant on the possessors of wealth in the parent country. Besides, entirely as he loved his son, Mr. Dudley could scarcely reconcile it to himself, to exchange his active means of independence, for an idle life of dependence on even that cherished being.

Alfred endeavoured to convince them that it was his first duty to consider their and his own

happiness; and that he could not be required to sacrifice himself for the possible chance of doing good to his countrymen in England, when there was the more than probability that he might, by remaining in Australia, be of certain benefit to them. While the idea made him miserable, of leaving for ever this beloved spot, endeared to them by so many associations, and consecrated by a friendship too firmly cemented ever to be forgotten, or replaced in after years.

Alfred gained over, as his advocates, his dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Pelham. His sisters too quite entered into his feelings, and could not bear to quit a second Dudley Park, to seek a new home and other friends, in a country from which they had been absent since their childhood; while they could not, for a moment, entertain the idea of a separation from their beloved brother.

With such powerful auxiliaries, Alfred at length triumphed; and it was determined that the accession of wealth should not sever the ties of affection and friendship.

It was, however, necessary that Alfred should

take a voyage to England, to arrange his affairs, so soon as his coming of age should render him competent, preparatory to his final expatriation. In the meanwhile, his benevolent mind delighted in planning vast schemes for removing a portion of human misery. Living already in comparative affluence and comfort, his wealth could but little increase the enjoyments of his family and himself, except by being expended in the blessed office of doing good to others. It is always a source of the most gloomy reflection to every feeling heart, that so many fellow-beings should appear to be inevitably consigned to irremediable poverty and wretchedness, and Alfred rejoiced in the idea that he should now perhaps be enabled to rescue a small portion of these from their cheerless and apparently hopeless lot; to effect this, he was desirous of obtaining as large a grant of land as he could, in the neighbourhood of his father's location, with which he hoped to be the instrument for doing extensive good in proportion to the means employed; and while with his ardent temperament he proposed giving up his whole soul to the task, he felt that the gratifica-

tion attendant on the success of his endeavours would not be checked by the counter-balancing feeling which haunts the benevolent in England, that while they are doing good to some, they are perhaps injuring others.

It became Alfred's favourite project to be the means of assisting to independence those who had seen better days, but who, through the fluctuations of trade or other circumstances, had now become destitute—destitute even of the means of exile, and of settling in a country where they would not be sunk by any over-grown population. He had many conferences with his father and Mr. Pelham on the subject, and quite embued them with his own enthusiastic feelings.

If he were successful in obtaining a grant of land to the extent he wished, it was then his intention to divide it into many moderate-sized locations, and to invite from the parent country, settlers to these among well-educated, respectable persons, who should be pressed down by the over-powering hand of poverty, and struggling in vain to free themselves from its iron grasp.

Alfred proposed to afford these every facility for emigration, and to advance a sum of money to each sufficient for the requisite previous expences; which sum should either be returned to him by instalments, or paid back by an equivalent rent, just as it might best suit the views of the settler; while the money thus returned would again assist others in a similar manner.

Alfred was most reluctant to leave all whom he loved for so long a period as must necessarily elapse during a voyage to England, and the proper arrangement of his affairs; and it was only the feeling that he should by this sacrifice promote his favourite project which at all reconciled him to his departure. He made preparations for taking this so that he might arrive in England just as he should become qualified to act for himself, resolving to return as soon as he possibly could. He went with a heavy heart, and almost regretted that his uncle had not left his money elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVIII.

What bliss is his, whose ample store
Can chase distress from virtue's door,
Raise up the drooping heart, and find
A balm for many a sinking mind!

Alfred's absence made a sad void in the small society he had left. He had always been duly and fondly appreciated by those around, yet now that they had lost him, it appeared to his family and friends that they had not sufficiently valued his many great and amiable qualities. What a dreary blank would the future have presented had he quitted them never to return! Now, the time passed with some in diligently executing, as far as their present limited means extended, the designs he had formed of extensive colonization, and with others, in anticipating the period when he should be restored to their wishes.

The first letters which were received from him were written immediately after his arrival in England, and contained no particular information, although most precious to those to whom they were addressed, as the effusions of his own warm, affectionate heart. Some interest may perhaps be found in one of his succeeding letters.

"I have been busily engaged, my dear father, from the time I first arrived, in endeavouring to obtain a grant of land to the extent we wish, and I have hopes held out to me, that in consideration of the views I have on the subject, I shall readily and speedily acquire a right to fifty thousand acres, for the selection of which your knowledge and experience will be called in requisition. Alas! there will be little difficulty in peopling it with well-educated and worthy settlers. Besides these, there are many deserving persons of a lower class, who will gladly flock to a place which holds out such advantages to their industry.

"I have made a most painful visit to the neighbourhood of our former Dudley Park.

What a melancholy alteration presents itself since you were its proprietor! The estate has fallen into the hands of a most neglectful and oppressive landlord, who does not appear to understand that the prosperity of his tenantry must be the ultimate prosperity of himself. I found many who had been respectable and independent tenants, having been capriciously turned from their farms, now living in the most abject poverty, while most of the peasantry are receiving assistance from the parish. But what grieved me most of all was the situation in which I found the virtuous and highly talented Harry Carlton. His father has been dead a year, and his valuable living, which you had always promised to bestow on his son, has been given to a worthless companion of your unworthy successor. Henry Carlton is the new rector's curate, performing all the duties which his excellent father used himself so scrupulously to fulfil, and out of that income which formerly belonged to his father, and which he had been led to suppose would have been his own, he only receives a most miserable stipend. His

mother lives with him in a very small cottage, and he is obliged to engage in literary labours to assist in their support. His sister, whom you may remember as the companion of my sisters, a laughing, lovely girl, now grown up to be an elegant, accomplished young woman, is obliged to leave the protecting wing of her mother, and go into the world as a governess. I have prevailed on Henry to leave his present drudgery, and to be the respected minister of a church, which under your auspices, is, I hope, already much advanced in its erection. I am sure you will all be glad to hear, that not only he, but his mother and sister, have consented to add to the pleasures, by forming part of our select and happy circle. I have likewise held out to the better educated tenantry the advantages we propose, which they eagerly and gratefully accept; and I have invited those of the peasantry whom Carlton knows to be industrious and worthy, to come and again settle round us in our new world; promising that the same benevolent presiding care they formerly experienced shall be extended

over them, so long as they continue to deserve your protection.

" I am daily receiving an accession to my list of emigrants, readily accepting all those who have been reduced through misfortune; but steadily rejecting the idle and vicious, as I wish not that our happy abode should be contaminated by the presence of these. So, dear father, you must make haste to build the pretty village we planned before I left you, or rather this must be enlarged into a town. I remit you ample funds for the purpose." * * * * *

Alfred went to France, to pay a last visit to his friends there. He found that Madame Grammont was recently dead, and that her daughter was now a solitary being, living on a most scanty pittance. She readily accepted the pressing invitation Alfred bore her in a letter from his mother, who conjured her to come to one who would cherish her as a friend and sister. Here likewise there were two or three English families, who remembered with feelings of regard the interesting family of the Dudleys, and who now living in

very confined circumstances, were induced gladly to avail themselves of Alfred's generous intentions, whereby they would obtain a comfortable home and ultimate independence.

It was some months before Alfred could arrange all his affairs finally, so as to enable him to render the whole of his property available to the grand end he had in view. During that period there were several, who, hearing of his disinterested proposals, became candidates for his favour, but he extended not his assistance to any but to those on whom he thought it might be beneficially bestowed. He left powers with a judicious agent to select from time to time a limited number, whose characters were such as could bear the strictest investigation, out of those who were eager to be benefited by his benevolent schemes. And then, every thing arranged, he gladly set sail from England, to rejoin his family, accompanied by those friends who had so willingly engaged to seek a new home in the happy spot to which he had invited them. While some of the number who were seeking Australia under his auspices

had preceded him, and others were about to follow.

It were impossible to describe the feelings of delighted happiness at the return of Alfred. This beloved being evinced to all and each of his dear relatives and friends, that they had ever been in his thoughts and heart, and even Mickie's claims to his attention were not neglected. The poor fellow danced round him with almost delirious joy, while Frederick's expressions of pleasure were scarcely less extravagant, and Alfred showed by his answering testimonies of regard, that the serious affairs in which he had been so engrossed had not robbed him of his buoyant spirits. The joyous greeting of the trio gave happy evidence that the frolics of their youth were not forgotten, and might at proper seasons even now be renewed. But though Frederick still indulged in all the noisy gaiety of exuberant spirits, he was not merely the companion of Alfred's lighter hours; he also proved himself the active, zealous friend, in warmly seconding all Alfred's comprehensive views, and even Mickie lent his humble aid in

not only promptly but judiciously pursuing the plans pointed out by his enlightened master,

> "Who, looking through the Ethiop's darkened skin,
> Could see a brother in the man within."

Alfred was surprised and pleased to find how much his father's activity had already accomplished, and he was most gratified at the preparations which had been made for, and the warm welcome which was given to, the companions of his voyage.

The society of the Dudleys soon rapidly extended beyond their own hitherto narrow, though happy circle; all that friendship could suggest was exerted to make those previously known to them, not only reconciled, but delighted with the resolution they had adopted of seeking a home in this distant region. While those who did not possess the advantage of a previous acquaintance with this amiable family were not neglected, but immediately experienced the benefits of the kindest attention and most cordial assistance. Thus emigration was robbed of all its bitterness; for could any grieve at an exile

from their own country, where they had so long been the victims of difficulties and anxieties, when their arrival at their new home was greeted with such warm-hearted benevolence and hospitality, and where they at once found themselves in society, which while it was graced with every charm of refinement and elegance, possessed also the more solid qualities of high intellect and sterling worth, and over which good-humour, sincerity, and warm feeling, ever presided? But however kind and hospitable the Dudley family were to all around them, there were some few whom they distinguished above the rest, and who alone were admitted into their more intimate social circle; while their original friends, the Pelhams, stood out distinct from all others, as those most cherished friends for the pleasures of whose society they had decided to make Australia their permanent home.

In one of Mr. Dudley's and his son's periodic circuits a few years afterwards, as they contemplated the wide-spreading prosperity which every

where surrounded them, they could scarcely believe it was of so recent creation.

About a mile from their own habitation, now stood a large and busy town, containing many thriving trades and manufactures, and peopled with a happy population. Midway the spire of the village church was seen, near to which was the picturesque dwelling of Henry Carlton. At a little distance from this was the school, in which the white and black children were, without any distinction, admitted. On one side, in a sloping valley, was the neatly built village peculiarly appropriated to the natives. Rather nearer to the lodge-gate was the small hamlet, in which the rustic servants of Dudley Park resided, and adjoining to this was a large farm, on which there was a plain but spacious dwelling-house: this was called the initiatory farm, to which all new comers first repaired, and where there was an establishment for the practical instruction of young men in the details of husbandry, thus forming intelligent bailiffs, and good farming servants, for the benefit of those whose avocations previous to their emigrating had caused them to

be wholly ignorant of agricultural affairs; while if they were desirous of obtaining some knowledge of the subject themselves, they had a most favourable opportunity afforded them of gaining valuable instruction from Mr. Dudley's experience, and receiving their first practical lessons under his superintendence. At this farm each family was allowed to remain one year, and in the mean while a habitation was prepared for them on their own location.

In every direction, excellent roads were made through a wide-spreading district, and every facility afforded for the transport of produce, and the ready intercourse of the inhabitants. In this vast extent of country, every where were seen cultivated lands and smiling prosperity; and as Alfred and his father made their welcome visits to the inhabitants of the comfortable dwellings of the different locations, nothing was heard but blessings on him who had rescued them from penury and privation, and placed them in ease and independence.

As Mr. Dudley contemplated this scene with gratified delight; as he reflected on the judicious

benevolence which had converted so large a mass of misery and privation into so vast a sum of human happiness now collected around him, (happiness which but for Alfred would never have been called into existence, and the extension of which appeared to have no other boundary than the immense sea-girt tract of land which they inhabited,) he said, " Yes, my son, you have indeed more than fulfilled my most ambitious, fondest wishes; if you have renounced worldly honours, you possess far more valued distinctions. If you have not the admiration of the world, you have the love of a grateful multitude; while your dominion is more exalted than the most extravagant dreams of parental ambition could have desired—your sway is higher and purer than that of terrestrial sovereigns, for you reign in the hearts of the many whom you have rendered happy. Blessed reflection! Yes, you are indeed fulfilling the end of your being, and my cherished child is the benefactor of his species."

THE END.

GLOSSARY OF THE AUSTRALIAN LANGUAGE,

ENCLOSED IN ONE OF ALFRED'S LETTERS.

Bacca, *tobacco.*
Bael, *no, not,* any negative.
Boy, *die.*
Budgere, *good.*
Bush, *the country, forest, wood, &c.*
Choogar, *sugar.*
Corbon, *great.*
Coroberry, *dance.*
Gin, *wife.*
Gunyer, *bark hut.*
Jarret, *afraid.*
Maru, *to go.*
Massa, *master.*
Maty, *little.*
Murry, *very, many, &c.*
Nangry, *sleep; its plural descriptive of days.*
Ommina, *corn-meal.*
Patter, *to eat.*
Pickaninny, *child.*
Urokah, *the sun.*
Waddy, *a club stick.*
Wool-man, *another name for kangaroo.*

OBSERVATIONS.

The natives always substitute *p* for *f*, saying pellow for fellow, &c.

t for *s*, saying tee for see, &c. &c.

b for *v* or *w*, saying bery, bant, &c. for very, want, &c.

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